OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 158—NO. 9

JULY 1, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

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The Great Conciliator
By Robert Cruise McManus

A portrait of Owen D. Young, who refuses to be considered as a Democratic Presidential Candidate, but is called Lincolnesque by his admirers and "merely slick" by his critics.

Discouraged Feminists
By Emily Newell Blair

When they got the vote, women expected to play a great part in politics and then to march on to the business world. But what has happened? Women are still servants, says Mrs. Blair.

The Prowler in Your Home
By Jack Callahan

When the burglar enters, either lie very still or scream, says an ex-prowler.

War Clouds in South Europe
By George Raffolovich

An analysis of the causes of friction between France and Italy. War will come this year or next, says this prophet.

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WITH OUR READERS

A High Command for Business

To the Editor: *Berkeley, Calif.*

SIR—Some one has said that characteristically and fortunately statesmen's noses are long—as the end of this organ appears to be the limit of their vision. This is apropos of your statement and questions in "Looking Forward" column of the May 27th issue: ". . . . so far no outstanding industrial leader or great banker has stepped forward with any concrete proposal for action . . . . the ship of American business . . . . continues to wallow along, very low in the water, bound for a presumably cheerful, but quite unknown, destination. Is this American common sense . . . . ? Or is it the act of a crew of ostriches?"

In the same column you remind us that "last fall the OUTLOOK urged the formation of a high command for business; while many other men in different places voiced their views upon the subject." And you say: "In the current *Harper's* now we see that Mr. Stuart Chase is making the specific proposal that the old War Industries Board be revived and charged with carrying out an American Ten-Years' Peace Plan."

My interest in the foregoing arises out of the fact that as far back as the early part of 1919 I published a series of articles in *Industrial Management* of New York, under the title *Technocracy*, describing a new peace time, purposive social organization and government.

Introducing this series of articles the editorial foreword said:

> NOTE:— After outlining and characterizing the great economic drifts in the national development of the past, the author declares that during the period of the war the United States had developed a new form of government for which there is no precedent in human experience. He calls this *Technocracy*, the organizing, coordinating and directing through industrial management on a nation-wide scale of the scientific knowledge and practical skill of all the people who could contribute to the accomplishment of a great national purpose. Carry on this new form of government into the days of peace and we will have industrial democracy—a new commonwealth.

From this synopsis you will readily understand my peculiar interest in your comments and in *Harper's* leading article to which you refer. Also you readily imagine my feelings of appreciation and encouragement that the OUTLOOK as well as *Harper's* approve my technocracy scheme of government and are adding the weight of their influence to forward the realization of the industrial, social and national reorganization proposals I made so long ago.

In coining the word technocracy I imply, and define, the term to mean: Scientific reorganization of national energy and resources, coordinating industrial democracy *to effect the will of the people*. I notice, however, that both the OUTLOOK and *Harper's* deviate from technocracy: The OUTLOOK implies that the initiative should come from an individual and *Harper's* that the initiative should come from an Advisory Board.

In the *Technocracy* series I showed that what the people want is for the people themselves to say. The function of a National Advisory Board, as I pointed out, should be substantially the same as that of the War Industries Board during the war—to facilitate the accomplishment of the national objective. To have the national purpose imposed upon the people by an individual or by a board, would be to imitate Italy, under Mussolini, or Soviet Russia.

WILLIAM H. SMYTH.

The High Cost of Hospitals

To the Editor: *Croydon, N. H.*

SIR—Are you being quite fair when you compare hospital charges with those of hotels? I know that there are many people who hold such views as yours. In a hotel, one pays for a room. In a hospital, one pays for a room, *but* one gets waited on from hand to foot and all the food or nourishment that one can take. In many hospitals both medicines and dressings are included also. Furthermore there is no tipping.

As for having a private room, unless one is very ill, it is really quite jolly in the wards. A unique experience.

GERTRUDE M. GREENE.

Drinking Mothers

To the Editor: *Hancock, N. Y.*

SIR—In spite of the sophisticated reasoning of Eudora Richardson in the OUTLOOK of June 10th, the drinking mother is always a contemptible object, quite outside the pale of decent human society.

Neither the overworked puritanism of the previous generation, the customs of the day nor anything else will excuse a creature so nauseating and despicable, whoever she may be.

J. ROBERT HALMSHAW.

Traveling Mayors

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—I once heard a man say that the OUTLOOK was a good magazine—if you have the time to discount it and what it says. I am beginning to agree with him.

You started striking rather close to home when you hit California and Los Angeles in your "California the Unbeloved." Most of us took that as it was intended—a good joke on the writer. Now, however, comes your article on our mayor.

So you do not respect a man who believes in upholding our Constitution—your Constitution and mine. You believe a man—a representative of our people—should go abroad and guzzle himself to death. Because he does not you accuse him of seeking publicity and turn around and help him to get that publicity. I thank you for that little help and we of Los Angeles are proud of California, Los Angeles, and our mayor. Mr. Porter acted like a man among puppets.

STANLEY BRYAN.

Yellow Journalism

To the Editor: *Syracuse, N. Y.*

SIR—In your magazine, the OUTLOOK, I find nothing of any true value, and if such there were I am sure it would be decidedly overbalanced by your unethical and babyish mudslinging. You might look through your issues of the last year and give some thought to the contents therein. I am sure you would change your tactics. The peak of your uncivilized folly was the two cartoons contemptibly drawn and base from the core. However, in time I think you will find that such a biased publication cannot live, for public opinion is supreme, and it may not be won by yellow journalism.

HUGH DAVISON.

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CREDITORS' MEETING

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

July 1, 1931

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*One-Track Drys*

NEVER have the unity, the single-mindedness and the determination of the prohibition organizations appeared more strikingly than they appear today. While wet leaders, humanly enough, tend to wander away from their objective of repeal into contemplation of the business depression, dry leaders stick everlastingly to the job in hand.

There are thirty-three important prohibition organizations, including the new lay group known as the Allied Forces, which means that it is not easy to adjust their inevitable differences and to coördinate and centralize their efforts. Yet here they are meeting in Washington discussing a plan that will do precisely that, and with every prospect that it can be put into effect. The depression may bother but it does not deflect the Cannons, the Polings, the Nicholsons, the McBrides, the Cherringtons and the rest. It does not dampen their resolution to elect a dry presidential candidate, and as many other dry officials as possible, next year. Hence their present plan for a board of strategy to unify the work of the prohibition groups and to arouse public sentiment in behalf of dry candidates for the presidency and other offices.

They are starting none too soon. All the signs indicate that to a very large extent the next presidential election will be equivalent to a referendum on prohibition and that if the drys are defeated their cause may be done for. A defeat for the wet side would not, we think, be similarly decisive, though that should not encourage wet leaders to invite it by inattention or inaction. We have said before and say again that we believe in fighting dry fire with wet fire. We believe the wet organizations should imitate the spirit and the practices of the dry organizations throughout.

▸▸*Fate of the Universe*

WHEN several thousand scientific men get together, as they recently did in Pasadena, most of the subjects they deal with may be abstruse, but a few are sure to catch popular interest. This year the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science heard a discussion of the much-mooted question whether the universe is being renewed as it goes along and thus will last forever or whether it will finally peter out like a burned-up candle. The question cannot be said to have much practical bearing on, say, the fate of our great-grandchildren, since the universe is certain to last a million or billion years whether it is running down or not. Astronomers declare that this planet will be gone long before then.

Essentially, the question is philosophical. If the universe is to run down and end in nothing but cold space, this might be taken to imply that there is no Supreme Being who cares. But a perpetually renewed universe, such as the physicist Millikan holds ours to be, connotes a guidance. Hitherto the chief antagonists in this debate have been Millikan, the American, and Jeans, the English cosmologist. Now Millikan has a supporter in the noted physicist, Professor Richard C. Tolman of the California Institute of Technology, who told the scientists assembled at Pasadena that the universe may last forever. That this new testimony will end the dispute no one, of course, expects. It will probably continue—beg pardon, Mr. Jeans—forever.

▸▸*Hoover Debt Plan*

MR. HOOVER has done excellent work on this international debt question. One of the few important constructive moves his Administration has made during the business depression, it atones for some, if by no means all, of his many sins of omission. At Indianapolis on June 15 Mr. Hoover implied that his government was doing all it could or should do in the present world-wide emergency. Evidently he convinced himself with that silly argument no more than he convinced the country. Plainly there were many other things he could do and, returning to Washington on June 18, he did one. He called leaders of both parties into conference, revealed the details of his long-considered plan for the postponement of international debt payments and secured their approval. On June 20 he made the plan public.

What he proposes is to call all international debt payments off for one year. For one year, if Congress and the governments of other countries approve, the payment of both interest and principal on governmental debts would be suspended. The purpose of this, as he explained in his preliminary statement of June 19, is to relieve the sorry plight of Germany, though next day he made this more generalized explanation: "The essence of this proposition is to give time to permit debtor governments to recover their national prosperity."

If Mr. Hoover had consistently dealt with the depression as boldly and intelligently as this, he might now be on the crest, rather than in the trough, of popularity. There is no evasion here, no facing both ways, no pretense that everything possible is being done when almost nothing has been done. It is a

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clean job throughout—a good try, whatever becomes of it. Moreover, it is the first sign Mr. Hoover has given of that

Hindenburg, who personally appealed to President Hoover for aid for Germany

familiarity with international affairs which his admirers claimed for him in 1928. May he soon give us another!

▶▶*Its Probable Effect*

THE ONE DANGER in connection with Mr. Hoover's war-debt proposal is that it will be overrated. Even if adopted, it is not going to solve the disarmament problem, nor the war debt problem, nor the problem of the depression in the United States. Against the fact that it should stimulate our export trade is the fact that it would keep about $240,000,000 out of our federal treasury. That is the sum foreign countries would normally pay to us on their war debts in the fiscal year 1931-32.

Nor is this a plan to succor the rest of the world outside Germany. It would directly help only those countries which would receive from Germany less than they would pay to us. Neither France nor Britain is in this position. Both would receive more from Germany than they would be obliged to pay to the United States. Nevertheless both stand to profit indirectly by Mr. Hoover's proposal just as we do. That is, both would be freed from the fear lest Germany suffer a financial collapse, perhaps accompanied by a Fascist coup and total suspension of reparations payments, certainly by ill effects that would be felt throughout the world.

The virtue in the Hoover proposal from Germany's point of view is that it would give business a year to improve in, a year in which she could prepare her case for permanent revision of the Young reparations plan. To Germany it would be a stop-gap, but a good one. It would not meet her fundamental complaint that the payments she is obliged to make under the Young plan are too heavy. But it would give her at least a year's breathing spell, which might be extended to two years if necessary.

It may be asked whether Mr. Hoover's move was necessary; whether Germany, under the Young plan, could not have postponed payments to other European countries on her own volition, and whether these countries, under their war debt settlements with the United States, could not similarly have postponed their payments to us. The answer is that in each case only partial postponement is permitted. Germany may postpone only 58 per cent of her reparations payments. Her creditors may postpone only payment of principal and not of interest to us. Some of them will pay us far more in interest than in principal next year. So there is no denying the necessity of Mr. Hoover's move. And, while it can easily be overtouted, there is no denying its value.

▶▶*Business is Better*

IT IS hard to know whether to laugh or cry at the advertisement reprinted on this page. Here are two financial journals seriously urging the American citizen to transform himself into a Dr. Coué and go about saying "Business is better" to every one he meets. Prosperity by incantation, as it has been aptly called, never hit a lower low.

Now business will improve, unquestionably, and probably it will begin to improve before long, if it has not already begun. But the idea that it can be improved by muttering three little words, the idea that economic forces can thus be overcome and public uncertainty vanquished, would simply be too preposterous to mention were it not advanced by responsible sources, and did it not at once symbolize and reduce to absurdity the type of pronouncement that has come from so many of our business leaders since the fall of 1929 and that has been responsible for destroying public confidence in their knowledge and judgment.

There are business men—note the officials of the United States Chamber of Commerce—who sensibly believe that the need of the hour is a thorough examination of the depression's every aspect. There are others—note those who endorse the National Civic Federation's proposed industrial congress—who as sensibly believe that the need is a ten-year advance plan for American business. But evidently neither belief captures the fancy of these two financial journals, which will be satisfied if people just go around saying "Business is better," presumably with our five million unemployed saying it loudest of all. The idea is worse than a mere assumption that Americans are so many children whose fears can be banished with a charm. Its dissemination can only be harmful, since it may lead many people to conclude that we must be in a very bad way indeed if two financial journals can think of no better means to get us out of it.

WANTED...

25,000,000 Men and 25,000,000 Women

to say these three words:

"BUSINESS IS BETTER"

Say them over and over . . . Say them to every person you meet . . . Let those three words be your greeting to every one . . . Business Is Better . . .

COAST BANKER
COAST INVESTOR

The West's Own Financial Journals

576 Sacramento St., San Francisco

CAN YOU BEAT IT?
A half-page advertisement appearing in The San Francisco News

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▶▶*Test for Our Dole System*

THE National Association of Community Chests and Councils is well advised to join hands with President Hoover's Emergency Committee for Employment and get ready for next winter now. It is well advised no matter whether business swings up, swings down or swings along as it is. For it is clear that, even if conditions gradually improve before then, the American dole system is likely to get the trial of its life next winter.

Strictly speaking, the American dole system is simply municipal charity plus private charity. It has been said that municipal funds have paid for fully seventy per cent of recent relief work, though that estimate seems high. In any case, the essential of the system is private charity, the fundamental feature of the community chest. This feature will be more important than ever hereafter, since so many municipal funds are close to exhaustion and so many cities nearing their debt limits.

The Community Chest Association has already sent out a questionnaire to determine the relief problems of 376 cities with populations of 25,000 or more. When local needs have been investigated, it will supervise a national drive for funds, using the regular chest organizations in the 244 cities having them and emergency organizations in the remaining 132. Funds will not be pooled; each city will have only the money it raises, though the campaigns will be launched simultaneously this fall. Obviously they will have to be conducted with unusual vigor and determination if they are to meet the emergency.

Those who believe that the states should stay out of relief work, that it should be left primarily to private charity, will soon have a perfect chance to test their theory. If it works well this year, when unemployment, sluggish business, reduced dividends and lower security prices have left the public financially fagged, it should work in any depression we may experience. Hence, it is likely to be continued, even though it implies taxing, not the successful necessarily, but the generous. If it does not work well this year, eventually it will be abandoned. For it is admitted that, however the needy are cared for, they absolutely must be cared for.

▶▶*Anti-Lottery Drive*

DESPITE ITS PLANS for a grand campaign against lotteries, notably against foreign sweepstakes operating partly in the United States, the Postoffice Department is not going to put them out of business. It only thinks it is. The best it can hope to do without spending huge sums of money is to cut their business down a bit, and then only temporarily. And even if its campaign were completely successful, it would do no good. It would merely divert the attention of chance-loving Americans from this form of gambling to another.

How effective the lottery laws will be hereafter may be judged by noting how effective they have been hitherto. For years it has been against the law to import lottery tickets, buy or sell them, send them through the mails, advertise them or print lists of the winners in newspapers. And what has been the result? Well, Horace J. Donnelly, solicitor of the Postoffice Department, himself declares that the playing of lotteries "has recently grown to such huge proportions in American cities, towns and villages as to border on a national disgrace." The old-fashioned lotteries, which our laws were enacted to eliminate, were, he says, mere pigmies in comparison with those of the present day, some of them with aggregate prizes of $10,000,000, gross subscriptions of $15,000,000 and millions of ticketholders.

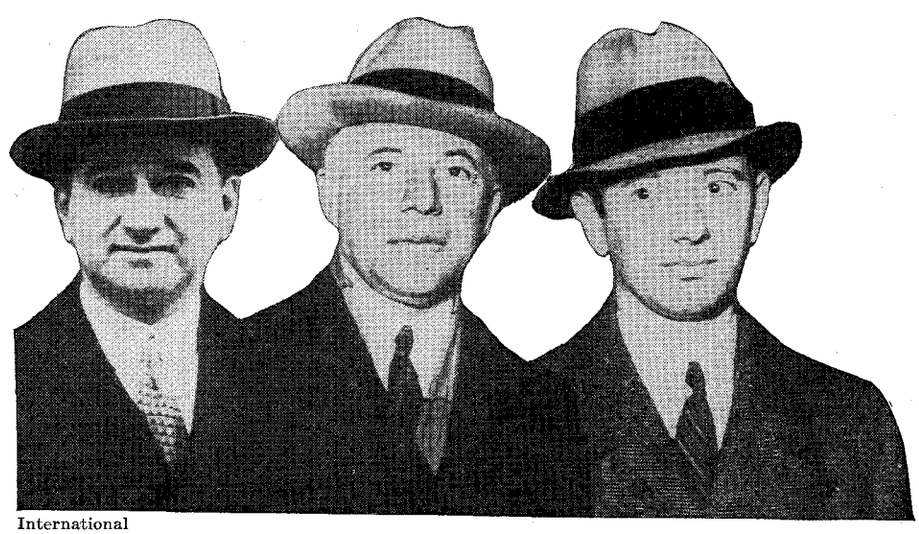
But if it is impossible to prohibit lotteries in this country, it surely would be possible to regulate them. Our laws would be wiser if they were directed, not against lotteries, but against dishonest lotteries. Since no one would want to participate in an undercover lottery if he had access to an honest one, this form of regulation would work. The present form of prohibition doesn't work and won't.

But would legal American lotteries break down the character of our people? How silly to think that they would. Not in a hundred years could lotteries harm this country and its people as severely as the glorified crap game on Wall Street in 1928 and '29.

▶▶*Bank Officials Guilty*

PROPERLY enough, New York has greeted the guilty verdict against three officers of the closed Bank of United States with pronounced approval. The defendants, President Marcus, Executive Vice-President Saul Singer and his son Herbert Singer—the jury disagreed as to the guilt of the fourth defendant, Vice-President Pollock—were convicted on the charge of misapplication of funds in connection with an involved debt-cancelling transaction. Other indictments are also pending against them and against other officials of the bank as well. It will probably be many months before all of these cases are settled.

Meanwhile, the conviction of these three is gratifying. In New York, at least, it is bound to have healthful effects. It cannot fail to act as a deterrent to devious and unethical banking practices, particularly when the savings of small depositors are involved. The Bank of United States, with its fifty-nine branches, had some 400,000 depositors, most of them relatively poor people who had set aside their savings by dint of bitter labor and self-denial. When the bank closed its doors on December 11, 1930, there was nothing for them to do but to wonder wretchedly how much of



International

CONVICTED OFFICIALS
Bernard K. Marcus, Saul Singer and Herbert Singer of the Bank of United States

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their money was gone forever and to listen to stories that among those on the "inside" the bank's name had long been a synonym for the jazz financing of the late "new economic era."

True, punishing officials of the bank in every instance in which they transgressed the law does not help the small depositor to get his money back. But it does tend to avenge the wrongs he has suffered and, what is more important, it does tend to prevent his being victimized again. New York bankers of standing and integrity can take satisfaction in these Bank of United States cases. Had that bank been whitewashed, the effect would have been to decrease public confidence in New York banking in general.

▶▶*Faithfull Murder Case*

IF YOU HAVE NOT been following newspaper accounts of the Faithfull murder case, it is safe to say that, thanks to the enterprise of mystery writers and the avidity of mystery readers, you will soon be reading it in fictionized version. Actual fact is the richest source of ideas for the Anthony Abbotts and S. S. Van Dines. Besides, here is a case in which the background, circumstances and characters seem ready-made for fiction.

On June 5 the body of the beautiful twenty-five-year-old Starr Faithfull was washed ashore on Long Island. Autopsy

International

STARR FAITHFULL

revealed traces of veronal but death was definitely attributed to drowning. Miss Faithfull had been a good swimmer; moreover, enough veronal was present to indicate that she entered the water drugged. These things, together with serious bruises, pointed to murder rather than suicide.

For the opening of the story, then, the body of the beautiful young girl with the charming name, well-born, expensively educated. Next, the family—a pretty younger sister, a sad-eyed mother and a stepfather whose source of income is not plain—living in Greenwich Village, two doors from New York's mayor. The family's stories are confusing. Starr, it seems, was sweet-tempered and bad-tempered; she rarely drank and had alcoholic tendencies; she had no men friends and had a series of tempestuous amours both here and abroad; she was quite normal and had been treated for serious neurotic disorders. It has been widely published that she was seduced and emotionally distorted in childhood by a prominent Bostonian and that this man paid her family a large sum of money. There has been talk of dope rings, international plots and mysterious friends, while extracts from the dead girl's diary have been made public and a ship's surgeon has rushed back from England bearing mysterious letters which might reveal all. Owing to the sensational aspects of the case and the dearth of other front-page news, newspapers inevitably have wrung the details dry.

Yet most readers probably do not realize, except academically, that this is a true story. It is an ironic fact that most of them are less interested in seeing justice done than in seeing how the story turns out. If the average reader is impatient at all, it is because he considers it high time some Philo Vance or Thatcher Colt strolled in and suavely untangled the mystery.

▶▶*Beards by Law*

OUT where men are men—in Centralia, Washington, to be exact—a special city ordinance has ordered the entire male population to grow whiskers between July 8 and August 12. The purpose of this, according to an Associated Press dispatch, is to provide realism for the twentieth annual Southwest Washington pioneer picnic. The dispatch does not say how the ordinance will be enforced, whether smooth-cheeked scofflaws will be jailed, fined or merely hooted at. Neither does it tell what action will be taken against Centralia barbers who disguise their shops as restaurants or cigar stores, circulate a password and administer bootleg shaves. Presumably all Centralia wants to look right for

Wide World

PLEADS FOR PATIENCE

Hugh Gibson finds disarmament evolutionary process of slow growth

the picnic, and, if the law says beards, why beards it is.

A small thing in itself, this beard ordinance is nevertheless important. It shows what a city ordinance can do. It can alter human appearance, and so alter the course of human affairs. It can make fathers unrecognizable to their children, husbands to their wives. It can change slick dandies into stubble-faced bums. It may make cave-men of weaklings and cause changes of heart among Centralia's younger set. If there is any truth in the Samson story, not all Centralian men may rush to be shorn the day after the picnic.

Be that as it may, city fathers all over the country should give a thought to Centralia. What a welcome diversion from the routine matters of water supply, zoning and traffic regulation to pass an ordinance, say, ordering all the women in town to look like Greta Garbo. Then another ordinance ordering them to appear ten times a day in public. Then a final ordinance requiring them to walk slowly past all drug-store corners. Those would be ordinances.

▶▶*Gibson on Disarmament*

IN HIS address to Yale alumni, Hugh Gibson, Ambassador to Belgium and American delegate to innumerable arms conferences, had much to say on disarmament that was sensible and convincing. The educated man, he pointed out, must not expect disarmament to make rapid, dramatic progress. "Limiting armaments is like establishing democ-

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racy—it is an evolutionary process and slow growth is necessary to strong roots." Emotional enthusiasm for disarmament, notably on the part of Americans, is useful, for it tends to engender action, as cold calculation does not. But enthusiasm does not provide the understanding, the tolerance of other points of view, or the patience and persistence to carry on through discouragement and delay. Those who demand immediate and drastic action, said Mr. Gibson, "have never explained to my satisfaction how we are to force other nations to stop preparing to fight unless we are prepared to fight to make them stop it . . . . They may, after all, live under conditions which make it difficult for them to have the courage of our convictions."

While Mr. Gibson declares that he does not expect a final solution of the disarmament problem during his lifetime, we need not feel that we are geting nowhere, for the idea of limitation, never thought of as practical until the Washington conference of ten years ago, has now been accepted throughout the world and has been applied to the naval armaments of the three great sea powers. "That is an amazingly rapid acceptance of any revolutionary idea."

If there was nothing new in these points, they were well worth making at this time, when the world is looking forward to the conference on land, sea and air armaments scheduled to be held in Geneva next February. We would do well to await that conference, hoping for the best possible outcome but willing to accept something less. "If that meeting should produce a permanent and workable settlement of all the complicated questions of fear, pride and defense of fifty-seven nations," said Mr. Gibson, "I should, myself, expect the millennium to follow soon after."

▶▶*"Effective" Machinery*

"THERE are no doubt inequities and inequalities in some of our tariff rates; that is inherent in any congressional revision. But we have for the first time effective machinery through a Tariff Commission with authority for any necessary rectification. And that machinery is functioning." So said President Hoover in his June 15 address at Indianapolis, delivered almost exactly one year after Congress passed the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill with 887 increased rates, as it did on June 14, 1930.

Now let's see. The New York *Times* reports that during this year the Tariff Commission was asked to investigate the rates on 184 commodities. Up to June 4 it had reported to the President on nineteen, recommending no change in six, increases in three and reductions in ten. However, President Hoover, who under the flexible provision of the tariff law has the authority to raise or lower duties up to fifty per cent on the Commission's recommendation, refused to endorse its suggested reductions in three instances. The score therefore stands: Nineteen rates investigated, three increased and seven decreased.

Which poses a little problem in arithmetic. If it takes the Tariff Commission one year to reduce seven of the 887 rates raised in the Hawley-Smoot law, how long would it take to reduce all of the 887? The answer is: Not quite 127 years. It is true that the machinery of the flexible provision is "effective," as Mr. Hoover says. It is an effective means of keeping the Hawley-Smoot rates on their present indefensible heights.

▶▶*The Wilkins Expedition*

IT MAY BE that you are one of those who, from the outset, have suspected the Wilkins submarine expedition to the Arctic of being a harebrained farce. It

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 288.

Regardless of whether or not recovery may be slow and tedious, the old law of action and reaction teaches us now that conditions are entirely reversed from what they were a few years ago, and that unprecedented prosperity is coming.—ROGER W. BABSON.

Fred E. Rich, Kirkwood, Mo., $5 prize.

For the first time in history the federal government has taken an extensive and positive part in mitigating the effects of depression and expediting recovery.—HERBERT HOOVER.

Miss Audree Piper, Thomas, West Va., $2 prize.

The history of the progress of the United States is but the history of the Republican party.—SENATOR SIMEON D. FESS.

R. Stack, 27 Woolsey St., New Haven, Conn., $2 prize.

The blessings of poverty are sometimes remarkable without being obviously providential.—CORRA HARRIS.

Ruth M. Erdman, 521 12th St. N. W., Canton, Ohio, $2 prize.

Capitalism recognizes the worthlessness of riches as a means of social or individual happiness and the vast superiority of the joys of the spirit.—IVY LEE.

J. H. Wallis, 2106 Graybar Bldg., New York, $2 prize.

Advertising has gained its important and permanent place by establishing the principle that it must tell the truth.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Byron Reynolds, 67 East 3rd St., Mansfield, Ohio, $2 prize.

The Russian people have to fail, because I believe that in time the peoples of the world who believe in God will refuse to take goods from unbelievers.—SIR CHARLES HIGHAM.

Theodore Charney, 64 Hamilton Street, Paterson, New Jersey, $2 prize.

Herbert Hoover will bring cocktailless days to the United States just as he brought wheatless and sugarless days during the World War.—MRS. MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT.

J. A. Paige, 3204 Clifton Ave., Baltimore, Md., $2 prize.

It [the autogiro] is the sort of a ship you can get careless in without serious results.—AMELIA EARHART.

Miss Irene Garner, 45 Gale Road, Belmont, Mass., $2 prize.

I'm not going to announce any more engagements. It has got so people just laugh at me when I do.—CLARA BOW.

Mrs. W. C. Richter, 205 S. Smith St., Kirkwod, Mo., $2 prize.

I may be just a plain dumbbell, but I can't help it.—MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK.

O. E. Gilleland, 1715 Martha St., Munhall, Pa., $2 prize.

Did Mr. Coolidge say the brains of the country needed a rest or the rest of the country needed brains?—BUGS BAER.

J. J. Bruehlman, Woodville, Ohio, $2 prize.

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may be that, reading that the submarine has been disabled in mid-Atlantic and towed a thousand miles to Cork by the battleship Wyoming, you considered your worst suspicions confirmed. And it may be that you are wrong.

True, there has been a good deal of cheap ballyhoo in connection with this expedition. But how does it differ from most other expeditions in that? True, the adventurous aspects of the expedition have been played down and the scientific aspects played up to an unconvincing degree. But isn't that the customary thing? True, the Nautilus is an old submarine. But would Wilkins have been less ridiculed if he had used a new one?

Would a harebrained farce be endorsed by the American Geographical Society, the Carnegie Institution, the Cleveland Museum of Natural History, or the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution? It may not be generally known that the Wilkins expedition has been endorsed by all four. Very little that is true is known of the Wilkins expedition. It is not true that submarines have never sailed under the ice before; others have done so for short distances. It is not true that the idea of an Antarctic submarine trip originated with Wilkins; it has been advocated by Stefansson and by Simon Lake, the submarine builder, whose partner, Sloan Danenhower, is commanding officer of the Nautilus.

It is not true that the expedition has gone off half cocked; it shows cautious preparation throughout, from its safety devices and other special features to its scientific staff. It is not true that the Nautilus will be obliged to dodge icebergs; there are no icebergs on its projected route. It is not true that the Arctic even in summer is covered by an unbroken blanket of ice hundreds of feet thick. Open leads should be encountered every few miles and the ice seems rarely to be more than twenty feet thick. Finally, it is not true that Wilkins is determined to cross the Arctic without preliminary experiments. "It will only be if everything goes better than I expect," he says in his recently issued book on the expedition, "that we shall make the full crossing from Spitsbergen to Alaska during the summer of 1931."

The Wilkins expedition may be open to criticism. But most of the criticisms thus far advanced against it have been based on misinformation.

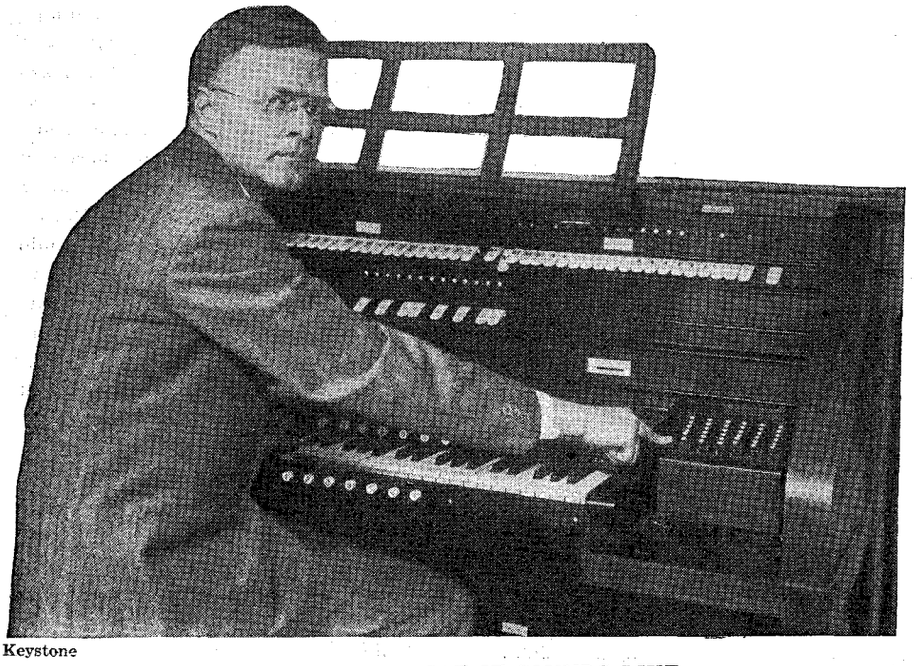
▶▶*Pipeless Organ*

We report merely a layman's reaction to Captain Richard H. Ranger's electrical pipeless organ, whose music was recently broadcast. The reaction is thumbs down.

It is impressive that Captain Ranger, who has also invented devices for sending autograph messages and photographs by wireless, has perfected a pipeless, bellowless, reedless organ with electrically driven tuning forks for its heart. That eleven separate amplifiers are attached to Captain Ranger's door and that a mass of intricate apparatus is installed in his garage. That the robot organ, played by switches, will not only produce organ tones but, in skilled hands, may be made to imitate whole symphonies. That Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Orchestra is said to have predicted that mechanical devices such as Captain Ranger's will some day replace, not only standard pipe organs, but symphony orchestras as well. All this is impressive—but not very.

Toward other electrical musical devices recently developed, we have had a feeling, if not of sympathy, at least of curiosity. An electric carillon has definite advantages. A Theremin produces an entirely new quality of sound. But why an imitation organ, when the organ itself is such a fine instrument? Why an imitation symphony orchestra when we have real symphony orchestras?

Photographs show that the Ranger organ is a plain console of several keyboards, in appearance like any other organ. It is not automatic, but requires an organist. Its tone, heard over the radio, sounded exactly like what it was—an imitation of an organ's. What is the advantage of this? Would it be an advantage to push a stop and say, "Now I can make it sound like a piano?" Why not play a piano? We ask the question in all sincerity, granting, of course, that the early 1900's also asked a question in all sincerity and that the question was "Why not get a horse?"



Keystone

LOOKS LIKE WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE
Captain Richard H. Ranger at the keyboard of his electrical pipeless organ

▶▶*In Brief*

"National prohibition," says the American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation, "is a method of reducing the consumption of alcoholic beverages—nothing more, nothing less." Nothing more than a method of reducing it? Not, for example, a method of prohibiting it? . . . . "DO-X May be Flown in American Service"—newspaper headline. It does fly, then? . . . . Mayor Porter of Los Angeles declares he has demonstrated that an American official "can visit France and come back without drinking." Which was to be proved . . . . Let no one say that Mayor Batterson of Hartford, Connecticut, got nothing out of his trip abroad. Mayor Batterson was inspired to compose the mayoral party's cheer, running as follows: "Oma Oma Oma Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Metcalfe, Metcalfe, Metcalfe!" . . . . The almost unani-

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mous congratulations showered on Mr. Hoover for his war debt move should pretty effectively dispose of the idea that hitherto his critics have simply been guilty of the practice of picking on a President . . . . Extravagance means one thing to one person and another to another, and those ladies who are spending good money for a trip to Washington to advocate total disarmament probably do not think they are being extravagant at all.

The Public Utility Issue

As many of our readers may remember, we recently asked for expressions of opinion from Outlook subscribers upon what is known as the "power issue." Does it at the present time approach economics or prohibition as a political issue? Specifically, what is the general sentiment about domestic electric rates? Are electric bills high enough to constitute any specific indictment of any company anywhere? Are they high enough to constitute any indictment of the electric power business as a whole? In short, from the consumers' standpoint, what about power?

A flood of interesting letters resulted. Letters arrived praising and condemning municipal plants as opposed to private plants. Some correspondents set forth specific situations in state, county or city. Other dealt with the matter from the standpoint of public policy. Still others went into the question from the political viewpoint. A certain number even went definitely into the subject of bills and rates, arriving sometimes at diametrically opposed conclusions. A few dealt exhaustively with the question of holding companies, profit, capitalization and so forth.

Certain conclusions were obvious at once. An overwhelming majority relegated power as a political issue so far to the rear of prohibition and economics as practically to put it out of the running in the next election. A slightly smaller majority professed themselves as completely satisfied with all charges when these were considered in comparison with the increasing service rendered and the vast strides toward progress that electricity was making possible, particularly in the country. A few expressed definite lack of confidence in the present management and motives of the companies, while a slightly larger minority, though not hostile to the private companies, viewed the future with concern unless some stricter form of regulation were put into effect and a few large water-power sites held in reserve as a club by the state and national government. As a general thing, envy of the success or profit of the companies was absent. And scattered sentiment for municipal or state ownership was swallowed up by the suspicion with which the great majority of correspondents regarded government in business. This extended even to the present plight of the railroads with their regulated rates. Almost without exception, recourse was had to specific facts and emotion was conspicuously absent.

What, then, is to be said of Governor Pinchot's recent violent attack and Senator Norris' well known views? In short, what should be done about the power question at the present time?

In our opinion, not very much. Obviously, from the standpoint of the ordinary domestic consumer, public utilities as represented by electric companies occupy almost a unique position. Electricity is supplied to the ordinary person by a monopoly. It cannot be measured or seen like gasoline. The bill for its use must of necessity be taken largely on faith in the general honesty of the company and its employees. Since the company installs, tests and reads the meter, the consumer is practically at the mercy of the company which supplies him; and will become increasingly so as the use of electricity is extended to do all the household work. And since, in case of disagreement, the procedure which the customer must follow is complicated, time-consuming and more trouble than it is worth at the moment, the net result is a tendency to let the matter slide. This tendency is enhanced by two factors. First, the immense service increasingly rendered by electricity in the house, whereby the immediate charge seems trivial by comparison; and second, the disinclination of the average householder to take any definite steps upon any matter which does not seriously annoy or inconvenience him. There is, therefore, inherent in the electric power business a temptation for the companies which, without state regulation of any kind, could easily lead to undue exploitation of the consumer, needlessly high rates and what Governor Pinchot has called "graft"—in the sense of paying for a service not really rendered.

Regulations of a clear-cut, simple kind would therefore seem necessary, always taking into consideration, first, the situation of the consumer, and, secondly, the fact that the electric business itself is still in the expansion stage and must be left as free as possible to increase its service to the most distant points. But this seems to us to be more a matter for regulation by states than the federal government—as Governor Ritchie pointed out the other day. Maryland and Pennsylvania for example, already have an agreement governing interstate power—and certainly not a problem that demands to be solved by any wholesale socialization of public utilities with all the grave abuses that would undoubtedly result from politics-ridden services.

From the standpoint of public policy certainly the best course for the country both in political and business questions is to allow to private initiative the utmost freedom consistent with public good. Merely to view the great growth and progress of our utilities as something sinister in itself is contrary to our philosophy. Simply to have built a profitable business is not yet a mark of dishonesty in this country. Likewise with the problems of over-capitalization and holding companies. Obviously these are mainly questions for stockholders, since any future regulation of rates will tend to be based on services rendered and not on money invested, and wise investors will take this into consideration.

Finally, as to the question whether it is necessary for the public to hold in reserve, as a club, ownership of the remaining water-power sites, it would seem that common sense dictates an affirmative answer. For the tendency toward mergers and monopolies is undoubtedly just as strong in the utility business as in any other. We do not question Governor Pinchot's figures on control of power. Therefore, to hold in the public domain future water-power sites seems a wise step at present, if only as insurance against the possible emergence of a situation which, if left completely to itself, might develop a real demand for government operation or control.

The Editors.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRESIDENT Hoover, I note, publicly spanked those newspaper correspondents whose articles tended to create the impression that his recent forays from the White House were of a political nature. His disclaimer must be accepted, and things would be at a sorry pass if, every time the Chief Executive stirred out of the White House, he should be accused of seeking votes. Nevertheless, the President invited such an interpretation of his recent trip to Indiana and Ohio by what he did and said. At Indianapolis, although he was speaking as "President of all the people," he eulogized only a few Republican members of that state's representation in the House. Moreover, he selected for homage a half dozen of the most reactionary men on Capitol Hill, with the name of that fine old Bourbon, "Sunny Jim" Watson, heading the list of honorables. There was no mention of Democrats, and, with a few exceptions, men prominent in the opposition party were given no place in the ceremonies.

In fact, the journey developed into such a political tour that a special car was attached to the presidential train in order that there might be sufficient facilities for conferences between Mr. Hoover and politicians all along the route. Most of his time was taken up with inquiries into economic and political conditions in the Middle West, and his political advisers made a careful check of the information so obtained. Upon the President's return here, Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the national committee, let it be known that he was "satisfied" with the results in so far as they reflected the party head's popularity and strength in the states through which he passed.

Even though Mr. Hoover did not regard his excursion as political in purpose, almost everybody else did. His defense of his Administration at Indianapolis has given impetus to the plan of the Progressives to go through the motions of opposing his renomination. Although his record had previously convinced his principal 1928 supporters—Messrs. Borah and Brookhart, as well as other insurgents—that his sympathies rest with the great industrial and financial groups, his Indianapolis pronouncement of policies, in their mind, definitely linked him with the reactionary wing of the party. Senator Caraway, I note, compared it to William Howard Taft's speech at Winona, which led directly to the Roosevelt third-party movement of 1912. Just as Mr. Taft praised the Payne-Aldrich measure and its Congressional sponsors, so Mr. Hoover reindorsed the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill and its good friends in Senate and House.

Gifford Pinchot, I hear, has received

Duffy in the Baltimore Sun

The "Chief" says the hole in the doughnut is "EMPTY"

numerous letters from Progressive leaders since Mr. Hoover's utterance, and all urge him to become an anti-Hoover candidate in the presidential primary in their states. He does not need much urging, I understand, and he may soon announce his plans. Although he has little hope of taking the nomination away from Mr. Hoover, he has an idea that a show of fight in the primaries and at the convention itself may force some Progressive declarations into the platform.

The Pennsylvania governor expects to travel to the coast soon to address a group of Klondikers, and he will confer with fellow-Progressives going and returning. What he learns may determine whether he will confine his candidacy to his own state, letting others bear the anti-Hoover burden in other parts of the country, or whether he will head a nation-wide movement.

Whether Mr. Hoover knows it or not, his campaign, as well as those of his enemies, is getting under way with many signs that the G. O. P. is worried for the outcome. The convention of Young Republicans convened by Mr. Lucas and the 71-year-old Chairman Fess was the first of numerous similar powwows to be staged throughout the country. Not in many, many years has the party in power felt it necessary to prepare for a political battle so far in advance. Incidentally, there was some irony in the fact that the kind of Republicanism with which the elderly Mr. Fess sought to inspire the young would have done credit to Mark Hanna and William McKinley. As for idealism's place in the Fess-Lucas institution for the training of political kindergarteners, did not Mr. Fess tell a "fib" on behalf of that eminent Bull Mooser, Calvin Coolidge, and did not Mr. Lucas resort to undercover and underhanded methods to drive that horrible reactionary, George W. Norris, out of the Republican party!

Mr. Hoover's foes are losing no time, however. Governor Roosevelt, of New York, never misses an opportunity to strengthen his candidacy. His trip to the French Lick conference of the governors was planned with an eye to its political effect, and I hear that he made a good impression upon important leaders of his party. His latest move was to employ J. T. Ross, who managed the municipal lighting plant at Seattle for many years, only to be discharged by the mayor. It may interest the New York governor to learn that this has helped him on the coast, where the people have lately looked with distrust upon the doings of the public utilities. Mr. Roosevelt, I suspect, is a consummate—and ambitious—politician.

In a few weeks, I understand, ex-Senator France of Maryland will take the stump with several speeches explaining why he believes Mr. Hoover should be denied a renomination. Mr. France, for those who may have forgotten, announced some time ago that he would oppose the President in the Maryland primary. He himself is not important, but his willingness to speak out in meeting may loosen other tongues. If Republican politicians would say publicly what they say privately, Mr. Hoover's ears would burn.

A. F. C.

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The Panic of the Parents

An Article on Passing Fads in Child Rearing

By ZELDA F. POPKIN

Should he be spanked?
Yes and no—both answers are correct

MANY times within the last ten years I have sighed for the good old days when mother was a girl. Rearing children has made me envious of grandma. Assuming that she had ten children, which, in truth, she did, she had merely to cook, clean, wash and sew for them, nurse them in illness, help grandpa to support them, and love them. Her duty, too, extended to instruction in the tenets of religion, which, of course, implied ethical and moral training, to teaching them to be honest, self-reliant, and to work hard. Hers was a full, well-rounded day's work, and grandma may have been a little weary when, at eighty-six, she went to her rest. Not too tired, however, for she did help with the grandchildren.

There is no doubt in my mind, however, that grandma raising ten children two generations ago without domestic help, without labor-saving household appliances, without nursery schools, had an easier time of it than I have had with my two who have come through an infancy in the so-called "Age of the Child." Grandma's paths of duty were straight and clear. Mine have been devious, and I have walked in a maze of theory and conflicting practice. Grandma hadn't as much interference and advice as I have had. The rearing of a normal child in this last decade has become an unbearably difficult thing, largely because there have been too many versions of how it should be done. Child rearing is a science now, and telling women how to rear their babies has become a trade, to which has been accorded awe and reverence out of all due proportion.

As a matter of record, the year in which I first became a parent was that very one in which common sense, tradition and the experience of the generations went completely out of fashion in child rearing, and the reign of the experts began. The pediatrist whom I summoned to advise me on the physical care of my new infant let me know, at the outset, exactly where I stood: "I never listen to mothers," he informed me, "because mothers are always wrong."

Like a million others, I was humble enough. Science has an air about it which leaves most of us mute and awe-stricken, and the Age of the Child has also been a scientific age. During these ten years we have seen the establishment of nearly a dozen research laboratories exploring the nature of the child, measuring him, taking notes on him, photographing him, so that every inch of his growth, every day of his rearing, might be according to book and formula. The laboratories have brought us a great deal of valuable and sometimes revolutionary knowledge—among other things that babies will scream when you drop them and that when they misbehave only their parents are to blame. The trouble has been, however, that the experts never come into agreement, and what we painfully learned today was invariably discredited by another expert tomorrow.

Is the modern child lonely?
Not when he's away from his parents

For some reason never made plain in the twentieth year of the twentieth century it became necessary to start raising babies as though that had never been done before. In order to free the child from the psychological impedimenta of the ages and to adjust him to modern life, we had to throw away some things which we now feel, after having thrown them away, were good and enduring—moral and mental guidance, for instance. Torn between the new authorities and guides, we got ourselves all mixed upon matters of discipline, sex and religion, and, not knowing exactly what to teach, we begged the question altogether. We lost even the privilege of loving our children.

Most of us had grown up with the conscious knowledge that one day we would have to support ourselves, and that we might as well plan for it in youth and think about it as we were growing up. But these days we want our children to be happy, and having been told to allow them to attain happiness by expressing their creative selves, we have let them blissfully go on drawing pictures of little red houses and making wagons and boats without thought of the morrow and its responsibilities.

For these reasons, when a generation or two hence sober-minded adults sit down to evaluate the achievements and the true worth of the Age of the Child they will find that it should more appropriately have been named the Era of the Panic of the Parents. They will discover that the decade of which Dr. Arnold Gessell of the Yale Psycho-Clinic wrote "Never before in the history of education has a people so deliberately and on such a large scale undertaken to investigate the nature and potentialities of childhood" was in fact a Babel. To his statement, Dr. Gessell might have added that never before has it been so fashionable to have children and to talk about them as during the last decade. Today, despite all the birth-control debate and the talk about the limitations of the changing economic structure on the modern family, for every one woman who doesn't want babies there are ten that do, and will go to startling surgical and moral lengths to get them. Deliberate motherhood, without wedlock, is by no means the rarity that the man-eating tabloids would have us believe. And you might ask Mrs. Stephen S. Wise of the Child Adoption Committee how

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"A noted writer used to wash dishes at the kitchen sink wholly in the nude so that the children in her care might be conditioned against the shock of sex differences"

many more hundreds of families she has desiring children for adoption than there are adoptable children. A short time ago, the number was well over one thousand.

In '21, parenthood, the oldest occupation in the world, was beginning to assume the aspects of a popular fad, like jazz, mah jongg or contract bridge. Pediatricians initiated us into the food fads, gave us tomato juice and liver, raw cabbage, whole-wheat bread, bananas and spinach, among a great many other things! One noted specialist in child feeding urged us to give our infants nuts and raw cabbage; an equally famous and even more scientifically respected pediatrician added sardines, baked beans and abundant pancakes to the dietary of a young child; a third insisted that bananas would do everything for an infant except make its hair curl. It seems as though everything that hasn't killed the white mice has been urged upon the babies.

About 1921, too, they discovered child psychology. This wasn't altogether a novelty. G. Stanley Hall, from 1890 to 1915, had endeavored to apply the methods of psychology to the study of children and years further back Dr. William Alcott, relative of Louisa May and Bronson Alcott, her father, had tried to liberalize the prevailing attitudes on education. Time had, however, either discredited or forgotten their efforts. It was inevitable that, in a world suddenly made aware of itself through the writings of Freud, Jung and Adler, the wise men and women should have begun to pick on the babies. From their squawks and their squirms one might "learn what God and man is."

Parents have, from the beginnings of civilization, hoped that their offspring would attain happier, fuller lives than they themselves experienced. When we found out that because of the whole world's ignorance about the unconscious mind and our parents' incompetence, we had acquired inhibitions, repressions, complexes, fixations and what not that were leading us no one knows where, we determined that this would be a better world for our children. We listened only too eagerly to the men and women who had gone seriously into the new professions of psychology, to the congenital spinsters, both male and female, and to chronic maiden aunts, who in an earlier generation would have been kept in their places, but who, today, fortified with the book and laboratory learning of the new child study, found themselves amply justified in telling those who had babies that they didn't know how to raise them. And that's where we made our big mistake.

"We" included wealthy young parents who had been brought up by governesses and tutors and had had lonely and repressed childhoods, and intellectuals and pseudo-intellectuals who had uncritically read lots of books, and the huge army of women who follow each fashion in child rearing as well as in clothes and amusements, and a great many of us who just wanted to do the right thing by our children. For our interest and our blind adherence we have received mostly insult and chaos. We've become so affrightened of making technical errors that we have literally been scared away from our children, and have been far too willing to turn them over to those who said they were experts. The extent of our stampede can be gauged from the fact that since 1921 this country has acquired over six hundred clinics for psychiatric service and psychological guidance to parents and children. To these, supplementing the medical staffs, have come the recent graduates of the equally recent courses in child psychology, boys and girls of little or no experience in living who have blandly proposed to parents that they throw over the experience of generations for theories that are less than a decade old, and who, with the ink undried on their diplomas, feel that they know enough to tell us how to evolve the perfect man. It was Alfred Adler, himself, the discoverer of the inferiority complex, who picked up one of David's drawings and raised his hands in horror.

"This child is being trained to be a fighter," he exclaimed. "He draws soldiers with guns! Such big guns! If his parents do not take care they will raise a gangster."

I know David pretty well. He happens to be a gentle, imaginative, bookish child with a predilection for art and literature, rather than for warfare. He had been taken by his parents, just before school opened, on an automobile tour that included the battlefields at Gettysburg, and when the teacher had asked him to draw a picture of something he had seen on his vacation, he reproduced one of the innumerable Gettysburg monuments. That was all there was to that, but the great psychologist's diagnosis was sufficient to send David's parents into a panic.

The loudest, most devastating and sensational voice in the world of child-rearing has been that of Dr. John Broadus Watson, the Behaviorist. It was he who declared in his now famous little book, *The Psychological Care of Infant and Child,* which he hoped to set beside Dr. Holt's time-honored encyclical on physical care on every maternal book shelf, that "no one today knows enough to raise a child," who insisted that the oldest profession in the world, parenthood, was facing failure. It was he who urged that we all "stop having children for twenty years except those raised for experimental purposes, and then start again with enough facts to do the job with skill and accuracy." Watson's was the voice from Johns Hopkins and Johns Hopkins is the American Olympus.

Watson turned the stampede into a

Totally oblivious of the fact that they are problems

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riot. His theories were so radical, his demonstrations so sweeping, that parents rushed to the books and magazines, and listened to the lectures. Their time was so taken up with learning what was wrong about the way they were rearing their children that there was none of it left for living with the children. It became the thing to be worried about one's offspring. Every little movement acquired an erotic meaning of its own. Thumb sucking, they told us, was a sexual manifestation, and even evacuation an infantile method of gratification. Watson thundered against kissing one's children, or dandling them on one's knee. A handclasp, a chaste salute on the forehead on rare occasions, a tap on the shoulder, were the only affectional manifestations that were wholly safe. Of course, we've all become pretty sex-conscious in this last decade, have taken it out of the bedroom and bath, into the parlor, but it became pretty hard when we were warned against kissing or fondling our own offspring, lest they acquire harmful attachments to us, "nest habits" that they would later be unable to break. Sex life became a matter of concern while babe was still in swaddling clothes.

The mother of four-year-old Peter was definitely worried when the head of the nursery school that Peter goes to sent for her, by urgent telephone, to come at once to discuss Peter's sex life. Fearing the worst, she learned that her boy had been one of a group which had gathered around the teacher while she changed from school to street clothes. Peter had been spokesman for the group.

"Let us see your skin," he begged, and when the teacher evasively replied, "My skin is just the same as your mother's. You've seen hers, haven't you?" Peter answered sadly, "No, I haven't. She always closes the bathroom door."

To this dialogue, the experts attached sinister portents. Peter's mother lost the relaxing privacy of her bath, and began to live in horror of the hidden cesspools of her infant's mind. But, considering the lengths to which the modernists have gone in freeing the libido of the child, she came off lightly. She might have been the mother of one of those hapless small boys who were in a summer group conducted by a noted writer, who used to wash dishes at the kitchen sink wholly in the nude, so that the children in her care might be conditioned against the shock of sex differences and be fully accustomed to feminine nudity. Even in modern life, people don't usually wash dishes in the nude—and one couldn't quite call this preparation for

Unworried by it all

life in the great world, could one?

While the experts have bothered a lot about the sex lives of our offspring, we've all faced—and mostly faced alone—other problems, which have arisen out of our own bringing up. We haven't known what to do about the teaching of religion and patriotism to our modern children. The modern parent has been warned against imposing any of the old dogmas on the free child of the new day. It does seem, however, that atheism is as much dogma as is deism, that the concept of pacifism comes from adult thinking as much as does the concept of militarism. And in most of us conscience and tradition are strong. But we weren't allowed to teach the old beliefs, and the contemporary viewpoint on war and religion has certainly not clarified itself sufficiently for transmission to the very young. Not knowing what to teach, most of us just ignored these two highly important matters.

We have found ourselves in an impasse, too, in our campaign against militarism. The educators taboo tin soldiers and toy guns, and the other toys that they call "anti-social"—the toys that foster militarism. I have yet to meet a small boy who doesn't prefer them. We live across the street from a large veterans' hospital and my children have grown up in continuous sight of the maimed and unfortunate victims of militarism. I had hoped that that object lesson would help my preachment for a social viewpoint, but it hasn't. I don't buy the soldiers and guns, and so my children are forced to beg and borrow them from their playmates who are children of parents every bit as modern and as anti-militaristic as ourselves.

As serious as are these conflicts between theory and practice in the modern attitude toward sex, religion and war, the most distracting and immediate struggle has been, however, over the matter of discipline. To spank or not to spank. To train or to permit free development. The battle of the century was not between Dempsey and Tunney, but between Dewey and Watson, and we're still pantingly awaiting the decision. The followers of Dewey believe in education from within, in spontaneous creative self-development. The Watsonites argue for "conditioning" the child. Watson, in that important little book of his, declared that: "The behaviorists believe that there is nothing from within to develop. If you start with a healthy body, the right number of fingers and toes, eyes and the few elementary movements that are present at birth, you do not need anything in the way of raw material to make a man, be that man a genius, a cultured gentleman, a rowdy or a thug."

The child gets that way by the simple process of "conditioning," which came to Watson out of Pavlov, the famous Russian authority on the human brain, as the result of a series of interesting animal experiments. The technique of conditioning is very much the animal trainer's—habit formation by giving blows and bones. If there is something you don't want your child to do, you repeatedly inflict physical pain to keep him from doing it. Watson felt that it might be a good idea to wire electrically the things one didn't want a child to touch, so that he received a shock the instant he approached them, but finding this

(Continued on Page 286)

"The laboratories have brought us a great deal of valuable and sometimes revolutionary knowledge, among other things that babies will scream when you drop them"

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Shall We Cut Wages?

By NELSON MORRIS

Talburt—New York World-Telegram

A poor way to hatch them

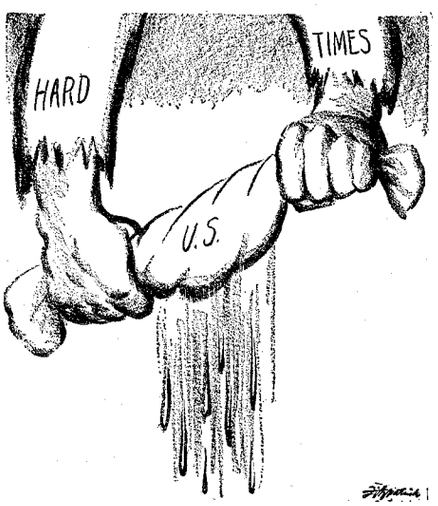
Whether wages shall be cut has become one of the controversial questions today, and the following article by Mr. Morris, with the rejoinder by Mr. Scroggs on the opposite page, clarify some of the points raised in this debate which is becoming of more acute national interest.

SINCE the crash of the market compelled general recognition of an economic crisis, the best efforts of governmental and industrial leaders have sought to prevent any fall in wages. No purpose could have been more worthy or important—no failure more complete or much more tragic. So numerous, able and of established character have been the supporters of these efforts that there can be no question of their sincerity in noble intention or of their capacity to accomplish all but the impossible. An inquiry is, therefore, indicated, seeking the cause of their failure, as to whether it is inherent in the task itself or results from a wrong method of approach.

Since nothing is more fundamental to the solution of any problem than a correct understanding of the materials involved, we must even examine into the meaning of wages. If we had no trade, each man's wages would be exactly whatever he made for himself. Trade favors specialization in industry with each worker producing certain goods or services greatly in excess of his personal needs and exchanging that excess for the rest of his needs produced by others. Each man's production still constitutes his wages and whatever he accepts in exchange has approximately the same value as his production. It follows that the wages of a mass of workers equals the production of the mass, that the first essential to keeping up wages is to keep up production. Obviously we have not kept up production—the first essential to wage maintenance has not been met—and on this basis alone failure has been inevitable.

If this be true, that present underproduction is necessitated by previous overproduction, then wages cannot be maintained and efforts to maintain them are all wasted. But this argument completely satisfies no one. We cannot believe that such want as we have increasingly experienced ever since the crash is due to our having made an overabundance of the things we want. Want—meaning underconsumption—is not the proper or natural cure for overproduction. The machines to which we attribute the overproduction are but the logical means to increased production, meaning increased wages and higher standards of living. It is both inconsistent and illogical to attribute our present lowered standards, lowered wages, lowered production, to excessive use of the machines. We must, therefore, examine the origin of the idea of overproduction.

The overproduction theory gained general notice soon after the crash, which event must, therefore, be interpreted. It marked the end of a period of unprecedented credit business, meaning the spending of future wages. Such spending was stimulated by constant depreciation in the value of money—making it unprofitable to keep but profitable to borrow to spend—and by the estimation of future earnings always in cheap money. Recognition that money might become dearer, that cheap money debts might have to be paid with dear money, ended the credit business with a panic. Money suddenly pyramided in its value to buy everything used in production except labor. All the modern aids to production, all the devices by the use of which in industry our standards of living have been raised above those of earlier generations—everything we call capital in contrast with labor—had suddenly been greatly cheapened with respect to money. Such was the meaning of the crash.



Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Out comes the water

Production results from the coöperation of capital and labor, both sharing in the proceeds. Continued coöperation is conditioned upon opportunity for both to obtain an approximately fair share of the combined earnings. Earnings are always goods or services, but are commonly measured in money. Money had been multiplied in its value to buy capital—making it obvious enough that the next step for continued production was a like adjustment in the value of money to buy labor. Without any desire to justify the wage system of purchase of labor as a commodity by capital, one still must recognize that the wages of each had been near enough to just to admit of general prosperity. So vast had been the change in money value to buy capital that to demand, as we still do, that labor accept no measureably corresponding adjustment in its price, was to demand either that production be diminished or the wholesale transfer of capital to labor. This socialist revolution of ours is unique in having capitalist leadership.

Our error in making this demand that wages be maintained was due to thinking of wages always as money—never as production—and seeking to disregard the fact that money had changed its value. As far as wages were concerned, we have been proposing ever since the crash to pretend that it never occurred. Industry and business must proceed, we say, to pay employees with cheap money, although we know that no cheap money exists. We have sought, and still seek, to overlook the fact that to increase everybody's money wages without a corresponding increase in production is merely to cheapen the money. We forget that money has no value except by production, that if the total amount of

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Will Wage Cuts Help?

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

IN HIS clear and logical exposition of his theory of wages, Mr. Morris reaches the conclusion that the worthy efforts of our industrial leaders to maintain the wage levels of more prosperous years must fail. He argues that since wages are necessarily paid out of what is produced, high wages are possible only when there is a large output, but output has been decreasing for some time, and as a result a decline in wages is due in spite of the noble and sincere intentions of our captains of industry to prevent it.

This reasoning process may be flawless. The question is whether it is based upon sound premises. In this writer's judgment it is not; the assumptions seem to be rather remote from reality. In the first place, it is assumed that much of the trade and industrial activity preceding the crash in Wall Street "was stimulated by constant depreciation in the value of money." This means that prices were rising and that it was more profitable to spend money than to keep it while its purchasing power was shrinking. High wages could then be paid because of this stimulated production; but now, since the whole process has been reversed, wages must be adjusted downward.

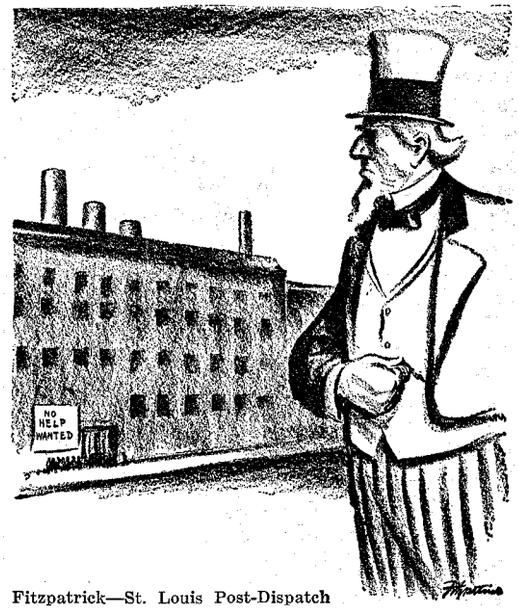
As a matter of fact, during the period of boom in 1928-29, prices were not rising; they were gradually declining. Indeed, they had been declining for about eight years before their recession was accelerated by the recent depression, and yet during that period the trend of wages was upward—so much so that some writers were commenting on the "miracle" of rising wages and falling prices. This "miracle" gives a severe jolt to the assumption that if prosperity is to be sustained wages should vary directly with price levels.

It is true that the decline of prices during the past year has been much more precipitous than it was before the Wall Street panic of 1929, and that because of the disturbances which followed that episode some workers have ceased to receive any wages at all, and others have had to accept less pay because of wage cuts or part-time employment. It does not follow, however, that the way to speed a return to normal conditions is to bring down such wages as have hitherto escaped revision.

Mr. Morris does not advocate categorically any such program, but he does so by implication when he says that "goods on hand are unsold because labor costs of replacement forbid price adjustment to the new value of money."

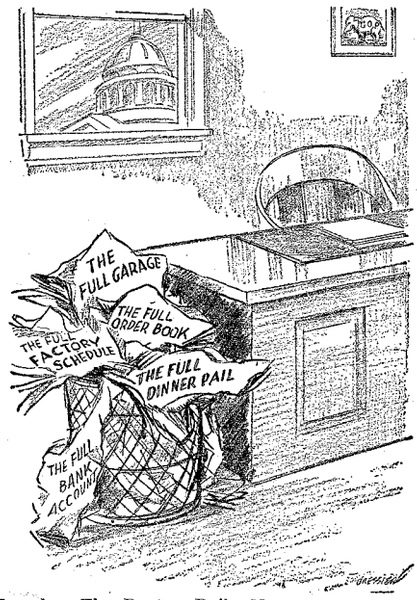
To say that prices are not adjusted to the new value of money is a contradiction in terms. There is no way to determine whether the value of money is rising or falling except by observing the movement of prices. If they do not move as fast as we had expected, the only conclusion to be drawn is that the value of money is more stable than we had supposed. To say that money has become more valuable since 1929 and that high wages prevent prices from reflecting the change calls to mind the colored preacher's assertion that no one can be sure that the sun is really brighter than the moon because the sun has only to tackle the day, while the moon has to wrestle with the darkness of the night.

Another instance of Mr. Morris's failure to come to grips with the realities is seen in his assertion that in order to pay labor a proper wage we must wait to determine what is available for wages by the sale of the product. If that rule were to be rigidly applied in modern industry many workers would die of starvation while waiting for their wages. The products which they turn out on any given day may not be sold by their employers for many months. No factory worker makes a complete product, and the small fraction of a complicated article which passes through his hands may remain in the process of production for weeks or even months before the finished product is ready for the market. Hence, the employers must pay the workers in advance of the sale and before the exact market value of the worker's production can be determined. There can be no such waiting as Mr. Morris proposes, and, even if there could be, the hard problem of deciding, after the product is sold, what share should go to the workers and what to the capitalist employer would continue to vex the relation of labor and capital as it has done through all the years.



Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Six months till winter



Bressler—The Dayton Daily News

The full waste basket

Mr. Morris does not ignore this difficulty, but he dismisses it with the broad generalization that those businesses will thrive best which succeed in giving both labor and capital a square deal. No one will dispute that dictum; the trouble is that it gets us nowhere. The labor leader's idea of a square deal is not likely to harmonize with that of the individualistic employer.

Everyone will agree with Mr. Morris that the restoration of our prosperity depends on the fullest coöperation of labor and capital, but how are we to obtain this coöperation if employers reverse their preaching of the last few years that high wages, high purchasing power and prosperity go hand in hand? This would certainly create resentment and a disposition on the part of labor to give less in return for receiving less, and the second state might then be worse than the first.

Such a possibility is not merely a vain imagining. The country faced just such a situation in 1921-22. There had been a period of severe depression and much unemployment. Prices had declined sharply from the war level, and some business and financial leaders began to

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Half-Baked Criminology

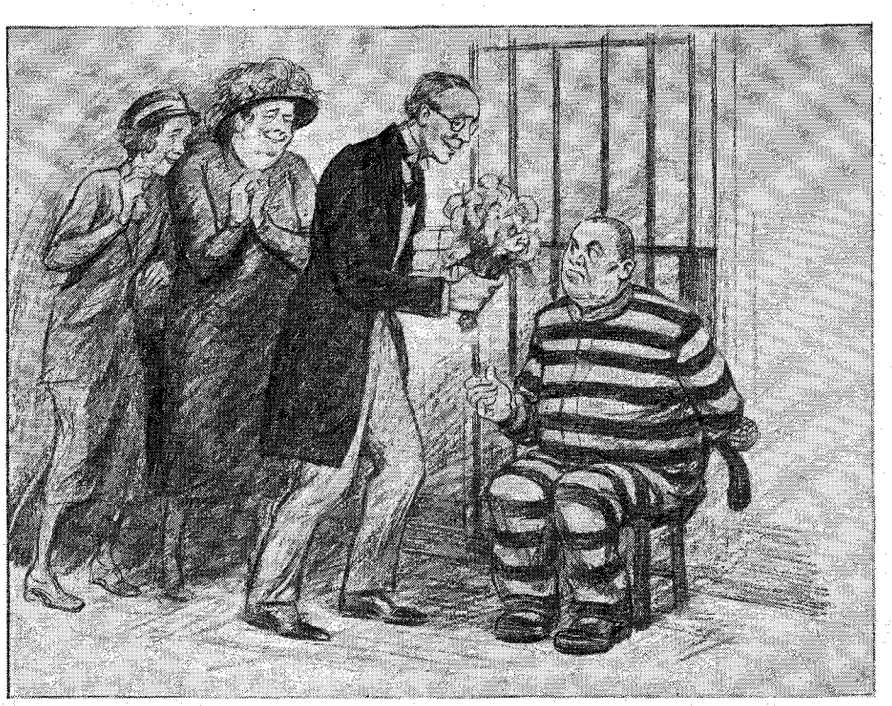
By HARRY ELMER BARNES

In "Colleges for Crooks," in a recent Outlook, Jack Callahan contended that prison life today was too "soft," and that criminals were not forced to repent and reform. The editor asked Mr. Barnes for a comment on Mr. Callahan's article, and here it is.

IN THE OUTLOOK of June 3, 1931, there appeared an article on "Colleges for Crooks," by Jack Callahan, which seemed to me to be the most amazing combination of shrewd sense and unmitigated tommyrot which has ever come to my attention in the reading of many acres of criminological literature. Mr. Callahan attributes our present crime mess to a mythical "new criminology." This is in the custody of ignorant and soft-hearted sentimentalists who would not even slap Al Capone's wrist. These new criminologists apparently believe that a machine-gun chopper in the employ of the most irresponsible gangster should be given a new slant on life through the presentation of a bunch of orchids and a box of cream-centered chocolates.

To these busybodies, as soft of head as of heart, are due the most serious aspects of the crime muddle. They prevent the police from making sure and certain arrests. They produce the breakdown of the court system and free hardened crooks wholesale. They prevent crooks from having to testify in their own defense and offer their career in record. They permit bad men to run loose on bail, directing other killings before they are tried for the one for which they are under indictment. They prevent the giving of indeterminate sentences. They have encouraged bloody prison riots in prisons where crooks have been treated like boys on a Sunday school picnic—i.e., in Dannemora, Auburn, Columbus, Joliet, Cañon City, Lansing (Kansas) and Jefferson City. They create a demoralizing condition of special favoritism and graft in prison which enables rich or clever crooks to live a life of luxury and ease in the hoosegow.

This new criminology is replete with the most childish errors relative to crooks, their motivation and conduct. It holds that all crooks are sick men needing medical treatment, and believes that even Al Capone or Gerald Chapman could be straightened out by a little psychiatric reasoning. It thinks that the present killings are due chiefly to harsh penalties in the Baumes laws and other similar acts. It does not believe that punishment deters men from the commission of crimes. It supports the silly notion of self-government in prisons—a system in which "a gang of weaklings is clothed with authority to govern other weaklings."



"These new criminologists apparently believe that a machine-gun chopper should be given a new slant on life through the presentation of a bunch of orchids and a box of cream-centered chocolates"

The high point of Mr. Callahan's lunges against this fearful and wonderful dummy of his own auto-intoxicated construction comes in the following paragraph:

I believe that the new criminology with its fantastic theories is largely responsible for crime conditions in this country today. The crook has had entirely too much sympathy. There has been entirely too much mollycoddling and too much of that old stuff about the poor fellow never having had a chance. The pendulum has swung from the welfare of society to the welfare of the underworld. Pseudo-penologists and criminologists have gone mad on mollycoddling criminals with the result that no crook fears either our prisons or our courts.

So much for Mr. Callahan's case against the new criminology. Now for a little rebuttal.

Now, no sensible person would dissent from Mr. Callahan's seriatim indictment of our present methods of dealing with criminals, so far as it corresponds with the facts, but why in the name of heaven should he attribute the responsibility to the new criminology? Not even Mr. Callahan's mythical "mollycoddling" criminology has had anything to do with conditions as they exist today. Such progress as we have made away from the conditions he deplores has been exclusively the contribution of the authentic new criminology. Just where Mr. Callahan picked up his notions in regard to the mythical soft-hearted criminology he condemns is hard to understand. It reads like an anthology of grouches delivered by hardboiled and semi-illiterate judges under the depressing influence of colossal "hangovers."

Any reputable representative of the new criminology would accept at once Mr. Callahan's condemnation of the inefficiency and corruption of our police, the travesty of hearings before magistrates' courts, the farce of the jury trial manipulated by high-powered counsel, the hoary antiquities of the rules of legal evidence, the abuses of the bail privilege, the absurd specific time sentences based on the notion of finding a penalty which will fit a given crime, the prison rioting, and the unspeakable system of governing prisons through the use of trusties and stool pigeons. But let him put the blame where it belongs—namely, on the hard-boiled "old criminology," partisan politics, and a completely pre-scientific view of the whole crime problem.

No scientific criminologist worth his salt is a "sentimentalist" any more than a surgeon or a superintendent of a state

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hospital for the insane. He is likely to be far more rigorous and relentless in applying his technique than the most hardboiled warden. But he is interested in social protection and the reformation of the convict, not in the old game of punishment. Yet, if scientific criminologists were as sorry a lot of "softies" as Mr. Callahan pictures them to be, they could not be blamed for what exists today. Our police, court and prison systems are essentially the same as they were a century ago, before the new criminology was even heard of. No brand of "new criminology" has debauched our police, courts and prisons for the very good reason that it has never been allowed to have any serious influence over them. All the activities of scientific criminology have been devoted to trying to rid our machinery of crime repression of the very abuses which Mr. Callahan so rightly and so powerfully condemns.

What about the errors which Mr. Callahan attributes to the new criminology? Do its representatives believe that all crooks are sick men, that if Dr. Glueck spoke softly to Al Capone for a half hour the latter would abandon his beer rackets and start distributing Gideon Bibles, that the high murder rate is due exclusively to harsh penalties, that punishment never deters men from crime, that self-government is a good plan of prison administration?

The new criminology does not believe that any appreciable proportion of criminals are sick men in the ordinary sense of that term. A considerable number of criminals suffer from venereal disease, tuberculosis and other chronic

"They create a demoralizing condition of special favoritism and graft in prison which enables rich or clever crooks to live a life of luxury and ease in the hoosegow"

diseases, but these diseases are not usually the sole or direct cause of the criminality of the convict. Perhaps twenty-five per cent of any prison population, on the average, is mentally and nervously sick; namely, suffering from some psychopathic trouble. Another twenty-five per cent is likely to be feebleminded. The remaining half is made of those who are the victims of unfortunate environmental surroundings which have built up criminal habits and associations.

The new criminology has no easy formula for handling Al Capone, Arnold Rothstein, Gerald Chapman and other "big shots" in the crime world any more than it has for dealing with Mr. Roosevelt's "malefactor of great wealth," the forerunner of the present small fry like Capone, et al. But the criminologist would devise a system of criminal justice which would get the "big shots" and get them quickly. And they would not get out until they gave plenty of evidence that they would be good boys. The new criminology has no sympathy with any system which packs crap-shooters into police patrols and stands at mute attention when a great racketeer glides along the street in his cream-colored Duesenberg.

The new criminology does not believe that harsh penalties are the only, or even the chief, cause of the increase in the number of murders. The latter is a highly complex matter, compounded out of the instruments of the new mechanical age, the highly organized nature of modern crime, the fact that dead men tell no tales and that modern organized crime cannot tolerate the talebearer, and the utility of murder as a means of intimidation in liquor and other gang wars. But there is ample evidence that the harsh penalties have stimulated the murder rate. A crook is more likely to shoot to avoid a life sentence as a fourth offender than he would if the maximum sentence for the crime being committed is a couple of years in the penitentiary.

Exponents of the new criminology do not hold that punishment never deters man from committing crime. What they do hold is that the deterrence is never adequate and never in proportion to the severity of the punishment. History affords ample proof of this. England had far more crime per capita one hundred

"The new criminology has no sympathy with any system which packs crap-shooters into police patrols and stands at mute attention when a great racketeer glides along the street in his cream-colored Duesenberg"

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and fifty years ago, when there were two hundred capital crimes, than she has today with her mild criminal code. A death sentence for the contraction of typhoid fever would doubtless reduce the volume of the disease. But it is far more effective to clear up the polluted water supply and get in good doctors to treat active cases. Scientific prevention and treatment of crime will do much more to reduce criminality than punishments.

The one charge which Mr. Callahan levels against the new criminology which is valid is that it supports the scheme of inmate self-government as an indispensable element in any scientific program of crime repression. The new criminology is very willing to confess this responsibility. The ground for its support of inmate self-government is that society wishes convicts to be good citizens on discharge from prison. They are not such when they arrived or they would not have been in the custody of the law. Hence, the only place to convert them into decent and law-abiding citizens is within prison walls. Few or no men can be frightened or bulldozed into good citizenship. If they cannot prove themselves capable of self-government in the simple prison democracy, then this is ample proof that they should never be freed to face the far greater difficulties of the more complex democracy outside the prison gates.

WHAT about the responsibility of the new criminology for the recent crop of prison riots? Did these riots take place in institutions where mollycoddles were rampant? Were they all fomented by Mutual Welfare Leagues? Hardly! In every case except Auburn the rioting occurred in notoriously hardboiled institutions. In Auburn the Mutual Welfare League fell into decay through the failure of the warden to coöperate enthusiastically in person. Even so, the League prevented the first riot from assuming more alarming proportions. In most cases scientific criminologists had warned of the ominous conditions existing in these prisons months or years before any outbreak took place. To look at it from the other side, perhaps the most humanely administered of our larger prisons are the Sing Sing prison in New York and the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburgh. But there have been no serious riots in these institutions under the administrations of Wardens Lawes and Ashe. This in spite of the fact that Mr. Lawes had for years to work against the handicap of a bad site and antiquated buildings and Warden Ashe against the demoralizing idleness of most of his convicts.

Mr. Callahan gives the general impression that most of our American state prisons are relatively comfortable country clubs in which prisoners lead an easy and gracious life at the public expense. If this is so, then he has information which no other reputable investigator possesses. With less than a half-dozen exceptions, our American penitentiaries are conducted in good, hardboiled fashion. There has been no essential progress since the first great prisons were opened more than a century ago. In many of these tough fortresses, stool pigeons and other favorites may secure or purchase special favors.

Mr. Callahan offers his suggestions as to how to deal with crooks. After all his scowling over the "new criminology" the reader would anticipate a scheme reminiscent of the penal colonies in Australasia a century back. Actually, however, his program comes down to the following recommendations: (1) Catch the criminal young; (2) give him an indeterminate sentence; (3) let him be treated when necessary by neurologists and psychiatrists; (4) give him adequate vocational training and forbid release until a trade is mastered; and (5) supervise him after discharge under an efficient parole system. What is this but the rudiments of the newer criminology? There is about everything here save probation and self-government. In short, after mercilessly belaboring a wholly mythical "new criminology," Mr. Callahan ends up by adopting the actual tenets of the real scientific criminology. If he had but taken the pains to inform himself as to the nature of scientific criminology he would have saved himself from appearing ridiculous, would not have marred the sound sections of his article, and would have rendered unnecessary this rejoinder.

Actually, there is nothing mysterious about the new criminology. It merely comes down to the effort to deal with criminals through sense and science rather than by means of utterly outworn conceptions of brutal punishment. The core of the scientific scheme is the substitution of a treatment suitable for the individual criminal in the place of the futile and wrong-headed search for an appropriate punishment for a particular crime. Crime being a socio-medical problem, it must be handled by experts in psychiatry, psychology, medicine, sociology and social work instead of lawyers and untrained and brutal prison authorities. Scientific criminology is nothing more than the application of such knowledge as we now possess to the reformatory treatment of criminals and the constant search for more and better information in this field.

Practically, it would mean a scientific overhauling of our criminal law; the provision of a trained and politically independent police force; the creation of a well-manned probation service; the substitution of an expert board of examiners for the present trial jury; the indeterminate sentence; the substitution of social hospitals for the prison fortress; the provision of a well-trained personnel to administer these institutions; proper medical treatment, vocational training and social reëducation through self-government for all reformable convicts; provision of a job outside before release; and the setting up of a thoroughly efficient parole system. If this be sentimentality and mollycoddling, then let the critics make the most of it.

The results of the new criminology when actually applied are not a matter of mere hope and wishful thinking. Wherever it has had a chance, it has produced effects wholly comparable to the contentions of its supporters. Take an illuminating example. The Concord Reformatory in Massachusetts is a very fine example of the old punitive type of institution. There is strict discipline. The raw material to be worked upon is almost ideal for good results—young and impressionable first offenders. Yet Dr. S. S. Glueck found that eighty-five per cent of Concord graduates become habitual criminals. At the other extreme is the Institution for Defective Delinquents at Napanoch, N. Y. Here the raw material is of the toughest sort. The population is made up of hardened adult criminals of defective mentality—a desperately difficult group to improve. Yet the new criminology, applied to them by Dr. W. N. Thayer, seems to have reformed some two-thirds of those discharged. This is more than four times as good a record as Concord has made with far easier types to reform.

This Week's Contributors

Zelda Popkin is a mother who is rearing two children without benefit of fads in child care—and "so I've made all the theoretical mistakes." She is a frequent contributor to OUTLOOK.

Harry Elmer Barnes is an educator, editorial writer, author, historian and an indefatigable worker and student with a whole column in *Who's Who*. Incidentally, he is an authority on penology.

Nelson Morris is a physician in Toledo, O., who delved deeply into economics because of his "observation of the inseparability of medical and economic problems in the care of every patient." He was formerly a teacher and holds several degrees and honors from the University of Toronto.

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Shall We Cut Wages?

(Continued from Page 270)

money remains the same, it is more or less valuable the more or less we produce. Our demand that production proceed as with cheap money, when there is no money but dear, has made production costs prohibitive. Manufacturers cannot get orders, merchants cannot afford to reduce prices of goods on hand until they can hope to replace them at reduced prices. Goods on hand are unsold because labor costs of replacement forbid price adjustment to the new value of money; because they are unsold they are said to have been overproduced.

To correct our error, to restore wages, we must replace the money idea of wages by the production idea. We must realize that until every willing worker is supplied to the limit of his will to earn, there is no sense in talk of overproduction. The more we produce of things other people want, the more we can obtain of other people's production in exchange. Granted only that the amount of wage money is fairly based upon the market value of the production it represents, the purchasing value of the money will be equal to that of the work done for it and the actual amount of money completely unimportant. Our false notion of the importance of the actual amount of the wage money comes of our failure to base it directly upon the sale value of the products. As a result of a continuous state of war between labor and capital we have always stone-wall resistance on one side or the other to adjustment of the price of labor to supply and demand.

Instead of basing production upon market predictions and rigidly fixed labor costs, we should base it upon need of the product by persons willing to work for it. What matters to both labor and capital in production is that other people be prepared to supply other goods in exchange for theirs. Infinitely important to production, wages and standards of living would be the increased adjustability of commodity prices to supply and demand, meaning ready sale of whatever should be produced as long as there was need of it. Instead of trying to push the industrial cart (wages) before the horse (labor), we should place them in the proper order by making the wages depend upon the sale of the production.

This plan aims to give labor and capital each its just share in their combined production. (The principle is the same whether goods, as in manufacturing, or services, as in merchandising, be produced.) It is based upon the recognition that the labor of the man without capital (skill is capital) could be no more productive today than a thousand years ago. The absolute interdependence of labor and capital must be admitted and the success of industry seen to depend upon both being adequately compensated. Further improvement in living standards will depend as much upon compensation for capital to buy better machines as upon fair wages for men to operate them. Both labor and capital will gravitate toward those industries which experience the greatest demand for their products. There will be no attempt to limit the right of the individual to improve his living standards or build a fortune—these limits will be set by the will to work for just compensation. Each worker is to enjoy the fullest protection in his right to enjoy his own earnings in his own way.

Two difficulties to be encountered in the practical adoption of this plan are worthy of mention. One is the striking of the proper proportion of the proceeds due to each of capital and labor in each industry or business. One nice feature of this problem is that those businesses will thrive best which succeed in being most fair, not to labor, nor to capital, but to both. Whatever difficulty may be experienced in finding the basis of a fair division, it is perfectly apparent that a division is made now without much conscious effort to be fair.

The second major difficulty is lack of confidence on the part of the partners in each other's desire to be fair. This is but the universal attitude of opponents in warfare. Confidence is not bred of exhaustion due to prolonged struggle, nor is fairness. Fairness is born only of intelligence, which is also the mother of human liberty. If we are but wise enough not to approve of theft, not to take our neighbor's earnings lest we force him into reprisal, then we are wise enough as labor and capital to find a way to be fair enough to each other in the division of our combined earnings.

The restoration of our wages awaits our realization that we have to get busy and produce them, that to do so we must have the fullest coöperation of labor and capital, that such coöperation can spring only of mutual confidence in readiness to be fair.

Will Wage Cuts Help?

(Continued from Page 271)

call for the readjustment of wages to the lower price level in very much the same way that they are doing today. The country was told that the return of prosperity was being delayed because everything had been deflated but labor, and that so long as wages were out of line production would be retarded. Late in 1922, however, business activity began to quicken, and during the spring of 1923 a boom of small proportion was in the making. In their haste to enlarge their working forces and obtain their share of the new business then developing employers who had been talking about the necessity of wage reductions appeared suddenly to forget that problem and to worry because there seemed to be prospects of a labor shortage. This shortage did not develop because new industrial processes and mechanisms were then coming rapidly into use. Instead of a shortage of labor there soon began to develop the problem of technological unemployment, due to the displacement of labor by machines. At the same time the new machinery made labor much more productive than before and thus made possible the maintenance of a high level of wages while prices of finished goods were actually declining.

It is impossible in a situation like that of today to generalize and at the same time be accurate. Some industries can continue to maintain their present wage level in spite of curtailed production, while others have been so hard hit that they must economize on wages as well as on other things or else suspend operations. Those who insist that wages must be generally maintained at recent levels in order to bring about the revival of prosperity offer an impracticable program, but those who, like Mr. Morris, insist on a downward revision of general wage levels because prices have declined, are even more in the wrong. The rigid application of their wage theory at all times and under all conditions would check all improvement in the wage earners' standards of living, and that would mean the end of economic progress and probably a static civilization.

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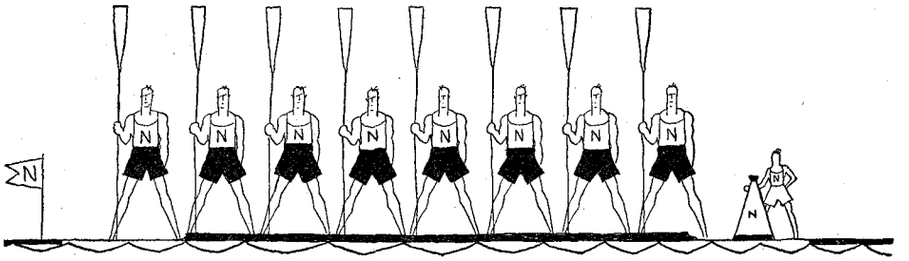
The Spotlight on Sports



Navy Shows the Way

PARAPHRASING the cigarette slogan, what a whale of a difference a stroke oar makes. Drubbed in all its preliminary races when bulky Howard Shelton set the beat, the Navy crew was a rank outsider in the betting at Poughkeepsie. River habitués and rowing critics failed to detect the marked improvement in Navy's spacing which followed the eleventh-hour shake-up that saw the smaller and livelier Ray Hunter installed in the vital stroke seat. "Old Dick" Glendon, Navy coach, had the courage to scramble the seating of his varsity oarsmen on the eve of the Poughkeepsie regatta. He shifted certain boys from port to starboard and *vice versa,* and out of the *mélange* got a smoothly blended crew.

Great stroke oars are born rather than made. They must be taught the blade technique, slide control, and the mechanics of the stroke, but the lyric rhythm and subtle sense of timing which mark the gifted beat-setter are inborn characteristics.

Hunter transformed a sluggish, loggy crew into a zippy racing eight that could raise the beat to forty without rushing its slides, sacrificing too much length, or breaking rhythm. His innate verve was communicated to his mates. His intuitive judgment of pace lightened the coxswain's burden.

This Navy shell always reeked of power. Five football players sat in that red cedar sliver. It was a question of synchronizing this raw power and "quickening" it.

Stylish bladework and fluid smoothness of technic are desirable attributes in a racing eight, but, as Pop Courtney used to say, "power on the end of the sweeps decides the issue in a four-mile slug." It may be significant that the two strongest and heaviest crews at Poughkeepsie finished first and second.

Cornell's Error

IMPARTIAL rowing observers agree that Cornell delayed its spurt too long. The Ithacan favorites picked Syracuse as the boat they had to beat and spent too much time matching strokes with the overrated Orange oarsmen. When Cornell did lift the stroke from a cruising twenty-nine to a racing thirty-seven, Navy had opened an unbridgeable gap. Perhaps Cornell couldn't have caught the Midshipmen in any case, but that belated Ithacan sprint demonstrated how easily a coxswain can lose his grasp of the situation as a whole in his single-track determination to watch a specific adversary.

A wise rowing adage has it: "Never lay more than one length off the pace in a crew race." Coxswains are apt to forget this tip when competing against a big field. It is human nature to wage an individual duel with the opponent you fear most. Besides, Cornell and Syracuse, being geographic neighbors, share that "keeping up with the Joneses" complex. Their bitter rivalry blinds them, at times, to the existence of outside competition.

England Comes Back

ENGLAND'S clean sweep of its Davis Cup Tie with Japan virtually insures an Anglo-American interzone final. Such a meeting would revive memories of the pre-war match wherein McLoughlin, Williams and Hackett barely nosed out Dixon, Gore and Roper-Barrett. It would also recall the post-war victory of Tilden and Johnston over Parke and Kingscote.

It is heartening to see England, birthplace of genuine lawn tennis, step out again among the Davis Cup contenders. The ascendancy that was hers when the brothers Doherty and Sidney Smith dominated the courts may not be renewed this year or next, but England is once more a power to be reckoned with.

In Fred Perry, Bunny Austin and Hughes Britain has promising singles candidates of the all-court type, men who blend the best traditions of English baseline play with a Yankee flair for close-quarter combat. They are young enough to take advantage of the inevitable slowing up of Borotra and Cochet, but America, with its youthful "phenoms," can match them there.

Perry's four-set victory over Jiro Satoh, Japanese ace, was surprisingly convincing. The Japs are indefatigable "getters" but none of them, save Harada, has shown that dash of devil which spells finality. Their ground strokes lack bite and their volleying is fangless. Satoh's technic betrays the Kumagal-Shimizu influence. Those old Samurai of the courts learned the game with improvised tennis balls—feather-weight spheres which could only be kept in bounds by an exaggerated wrist spin. Thus was born the so-called "loop drive" wherein the racket describes a low-high-low trajectory—a distinctive characteristic of all Japanese players.

Twenty Grand

THE post-war decade of American thoroughbred racing has produced five outstanding three-year-olds—Man o' War, Zev, Reigh Count, Gallant Fox and now Twenty Grand. The latter lacks only early foot to rank with Man o'War and Colin among the super-horses of turf and track.

Slow in settling to his stride, Twenty Grand is handicapped when forced to jostle his way through a big field, which accounts for his Preakness defeat. The Belmont stakes, with only three starters (the rest were scared off) gave Mrs. Whitney's horse the elbow room he craves.

Twenty Grand can run all night. At a mile and a half, the Derby route, he has no rival on this side of the Atlantic. When he collared the fleet Jamestown at the head of the home stretch, the latter surrendered. Horsemen will tell you that a thoroughbred can tell when he is mastered, acknowledges superior class in a very human fashion.

Twenty Grand "looked Jamestown in the eye," as turf argot has it, and that superlative sprinter faded. A great horse can break a good horse's heart by interpolating one blazing spurt at some point during a race. Twenty Grand makes his bid late. Man o'War took command earlier. In either case one "charge" settled the issue.

Jamestown's jockey has been criticized for rating his mount in front, under restraint, instead of letting the horse run freely. This strategy called for a counter-spurt whenever Twenty Grand challenged. Jamestown responded once, but didn't have two "kicks" in his system.

College Baseball

A SLIM turnout of seven thousand spectators at the first Harvard-Yale base-

(Continued on Page 287)

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The Week in Business

The Patient Improves

AFTER a long and serious illness, business begins to show signs of convalescence. Last week he was allowed to sit up in bed and have a little broth. By next week he may be able to eat an egg.

Improved retail buying has been followed, as forecast on this page last week, by better sales among the wholesaling and jobbing concerns. Wholesale collections are also firmer, indicating that the retailers are beginning to get in some money on their consumer receivables, and are therefore in a position to reduce their indebtedness to the supply houses.

Just how long it will take for this impulse to carry through to the manufacturers is a riddle to be guessed at rather than a question to be answered. The lag still persists. Commodity prices remain 30 per cent under eighteen months ago; steel production 30 per cent reduced; car loadings 175,000 under a year ago, and so on through the list of general business indices.

However, the return trip has begun at the only point where it could begin—retail buying—and there is little to be gained by trying to figure out the exact time of arrival. For the present we should get all the cheer we can from the resumption of buying and the favorable reaction, here and abroad, to President Hoover's plan for helping Germany to scramble out of her economic quicksand. In regard to the latter, openmindedness is the only sporting attitude to take. It's just possible that here is a noble experiment that would work.

A Research Pilgrimage

IF YOU are sensitive in the slightest degree to the romance of industry you will envy those two hundred bank and industrial executives who are to visit the leading research laboratories of New York, New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan in October under the guidance of the National Research Council's division of engineering and industrial research.

Starting from New York, the delegation will go first to Boston, where it will visit the Laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dewey & Almy Company and Arthur D. Little, Inc. Then on to inspect the research departments of the Eastman Kodak Company at Rochester; Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, East Pittsburgh, Pa.; Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio; Nela Park, Cleveland; Tanners Council of America and General Foods Corporation, Cincinnati; Battelle Memorial Institute, Columbus; and Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Mich.

Thousands of people will read about this trip, and possibly hear the local visits described by radio, without realizing how typically and thoroughly American the whole proceeding is. It could scarcely happen in Europe, as any one knows who has ever tried to get inside of a factory there and watch the details of a manufacturing process. Most European factories seem to be continually on a war basis. If you try to get in, you must be a spy. But here visitors from all parts of the world are allowed to go through the factories and study the processes as closely as they please. Europe still clings to the idea of competition; America has made long strides toward coöperation.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) June 18—70.0. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) June 18—63.2.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended June 6—760,890 cars (increase of 49,956 over preceding week; reduction of 174,757 under same week of 1930.)

Steel Ingot Production Week ended June 13—38% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 30% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended June 13—daily average gross 2,463,100 barrels (reduction of 11,850 under preceding week and of 108,400 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended June 13—1,378,000 bushels (reduction of 2,763,000 under preceding week and of 485,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended June 18—$9,139,410,000 (increase of 10.7% over preceding week; reduction of 29.1% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended June 18—467 (reduction of 7 under preceding week and of 20 under same week of 1930).

Accidents and Business

TO THE average citizen, an accident causing death or injury is a personal catastrophe, and the program of such an organization as the National Safety Council is first of all humanitarian, measured by lives and comfort rather than by dollars.

With this point of view no intelligent business man will take issue. His wife or child, or he himself, may be the next victim. In that event it is distinctly a personal rather than a business problem. And yet there is no denying the fact that in its larger aspects this matter of safety to life and limb has a broad and deep economic significance.

During 1930 approximately 99,000 people were killed by accidents in the United States. Direct items of cost in connection with these accidents are estimated to total at least $3,000,000,000. In educating the public to cut down this astounding mortality the Council is attacking not only human suffering and sorrow but a tremendous economic waste.

Sidney J. Williams of the Council's staff has told us some interesting things about accidents in 1930. More people were killed in homes than in industrial plants. Motor vehicle grade crossing accidents declined 19 per cent. States with strong drivers' license laws had records 29 per cent better than the rest of the country. Deaths from railroad accidents dropped 16 per cent from 1929 to 1930. Deaths per million miles traveled in scheduled air transport operations declined 87 per cent in the past two years. The Council's slogan, "Universal Safety," is getting results. Business should get behind it.

Neighbors of the Canal

AT THIS time, when our foreign trade is declining, there should be a hearty welcome for such a book as *Caribbean Backgrounds and Prospects* (Appleton, $4) by Professor Chester Lloyd Jones of the University of Wisconsin.

For about ten years, on the strength of his *Caribbean Interests of the United States,* Dr. Jones has been accepted as an authority on economic conditions in the quadrilateral bounded roughly by the Guianas, Panama, Guatemala and the Bahamas. During this time the Caribbean region has made notable gains in public health, population, transportation, agriculture and foreign trade.

Compared with Europe and the United States, says Dr. Jones, the Caribbean is still a backward area, but the past three decades have brought most encouraging changes. It is no longer the socially backward, economically insignificant, politically disturbed section of the American tropics which our fathers knew.

While this book presents much statistical information, it is never dry or ponderous. On the contrary, it is unfailingly readable and Dr. Jones is to be congratulated on having brought the Caribbean story vividly up to date for the benefit of the exporter, the traveler and the stay-at-home general reader.

FRANK A. FALL.

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The New Movies

Wanted—An "Angel"

IF YOU are an author, all you need to write a novel, aside from an idea and the ability to write, are a typewriter and about thirty cents' worth of yellow paper. If you are an artist, all you need to paint a masterpiece, in addition to an inspiration and your technique, are a piece of canvas and a few dollars' worth of paints and brushes. Any cheap piano will, in a pinch, enable a musician to work out his melodies, provided he knows what he is about. But if you want to make a movie—that is a talkie on standard-width film—you must make a cash investment of a good many thousands of dollars before any one has even a vague idea of what you are talking about. Between the man with an idea and the finished film there stand formidable technical and financial difficulties. But the technical ones are no greater than those involved in writing a play or painting a picture (if you are considering an ambitious young director who knows picture-making), and the financial difficulties, while serious, are not at all insurmountable. Even today a surprising number of wealthy men back authors, play producers, scientific expeditions and such ventures solely because they are interested in these things. Sometimes they get their money back, sometimes not, but their first consideration is to do a good job. Hollywood still has to encounter its first "angel"—its first patron who is more interested in making a fine film than in making a pile of quick money. A firm which rents out movie-making apparatus in New York tells me that they have about two inquiries a week from people who want to make films on their own—and become rich immediately.

Worth Seeing

Five-Year Plan: Travelogue with lecture in English showing what the Soviet boys are up to.

Maltese Falcon: Mystery story with Bebe Daniels as a sinister woman. Entertaining.

Le Million: Hilarious French farce in the Mack Sennett manner—one of the best. No French needed.

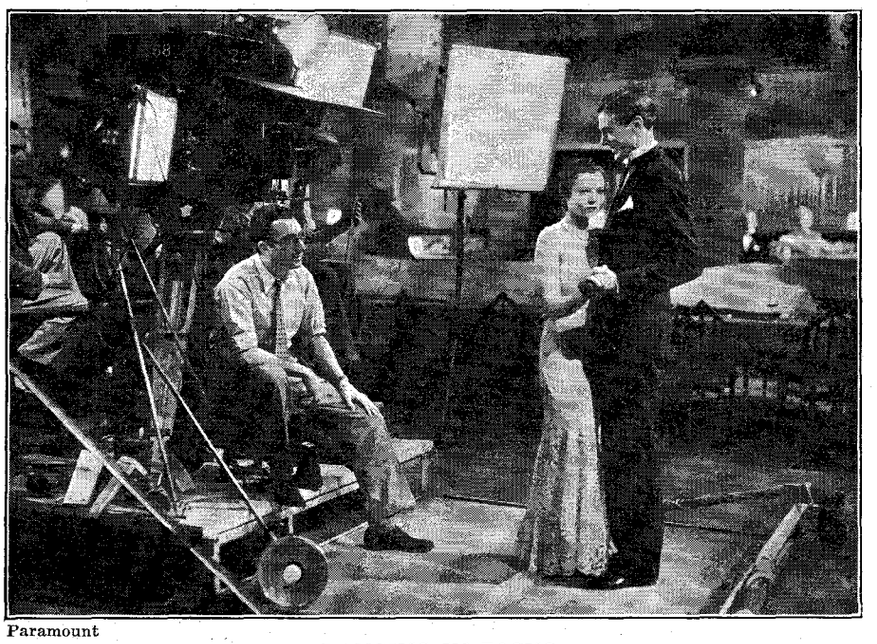
Public Enemy: Gunmen being nasty to each other.

Secret Six: Wallace Beery as a big Chicago beer baron.

Skippy: Percy Crosby's cartoon character—the kids are grand, and never go cute on you.

Smiling Lieutenant: Maurice Chevalier surrounded by Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, expensive lingerie and Strauss music. Good fun.

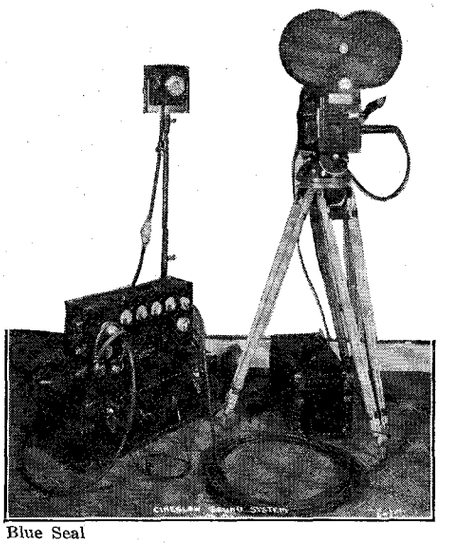
Please do not think I am advocating a little art movement to be taken up on alternate Thursdays unless it rains. I am merely suggesting that Hollywood could very well use a producer who worked from a different point of view, who considered the picture first and let the box office take care of itself . . . . a producer who would be satisfied with getting his money back, and perhaps a very modest profit. This producer would not consult Sadie Glutz of Mud Center or go over a complaining letter from Feebleminded Luke of Second Avenue in a panic when making his film. He would be sure of himself—a leader, not just an harassed copyist trying to satisfy a million different people at once. Because he had a limited audience he would have to make his film cheaply—but this would not bother him, for elaborate sets and junky costumes do not interest the intelligent movie-goer.



Paramount

DANCING IN FOCUS

Even the simplest scene requires time and care. Note the stick near the dancers' feet. If Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper move even a few inches from this marker, the picture will be blurred. Director Rouben Mamoulian at the left



Blue Seal

A portable talkie outfit—camera, recording mechanism and tripod. Cost, $7,225—weight, 275 lbs.

How Much?

Reading that *Hell's Angels* cost $4,000,000, and that Constance Bennett is receiving $30,000 a week from the Warners for her next weepie, we naturally get the idea that film making is pretty expensive. Without depreciating the items listed below I should like to suggest that "waste," and "sloppy management" cannot honestly be put down as essential costs. Now for the facts. You can either rent apparatus or buy it outright. A big, professional sound-truck (a recording laboratory on wheels) costs about $40,000, or rents for about $600 a day, this figure including salaries of two technicians. Union cameramen get $62.50 a day and their assistants $12.50. Picture film costs 5 cents a foot, sound track film one cent. Cost of developing and printing ten cents more a foot. Either Movietone or Photophone charge $500 a negative reel (finished and edited) "copyright" for the use of the sound patents. If you used a studio you would also meet such items as electricians at $14 a day each, property men at $14 a day and "grips" (to handle scenery) at $12. All in all you could easily spend about $2,000 a day, and discover at the end of a couple of weeks that all you had was a few oddments of film of no use to anybody.

I would suggest instead that our "angel" buy outright some standard make of portable apparatus—such as

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that pictured below. The Fox and Pathé newsreels make their own and the Akeley people have one which is extremely compact. While its rental per day comes to $350, its cost is not prohibitive and it can be carried about in any ordinary motor car. If you use some other sound patents (other than Western Electric and General Electric) you can cut the $500 copyright to as little as $90. If you believe with Eisenstein and Pudovkin that ordinary people can be used as cinema actors (and they have made some amazing films proving this) you should avoid paying Miss Bennett that $30,000. If you sit down and think before you shoot you can save thousands of dollars on film. Hollywood's procedure is to make miles and miles of film, and then throw most of it on the cuttingroom floor. Obviously this makes for sloppiness. They say that when Paul Leni made *The Three Waxworks* with Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt and Werner Krauss in Germany, just after the war, they were so hard up for film that they had to make use of nearly every foot they had in their camera. The result was that they made every foot absolutely essential to the story.

I will not be so foolhardy as to budget a film for our "angel," but I feel sure that intelligence and hard work could produce admirable results for less than $40,000, which is only about half of what it costs to stage one of the dozen or more unsuccessful musical shows produced in New York during a season. I mention musical shows because they are usually produced with the aid of an "angel."

▶▶"*The Viking*"

The first sound film to be made by an independent is the work of Varick Frissell, the young Yale graduate who lost his life with twenty-five of his associates when their ship blew up just off the coast of Newfoundland last March. Oddly enough *The Viking* was already finished when Mr. Frissell was killed—he had returned to add a few finishing touches when tragedy overtook him—and the film which is now showing is not only well worth your while, but quite complete. *The Viking* is a sound and picture account of a seal hunt across trackless wastes of bobbing, slippery ice cakes. Some of the pictures of acres of undulating ice fields covered with scrambling men and seals are pretty grand. Truth compels me to admit that the love story grafted onto this sealing expedition is quite silly, but the ice pictures make up for it.

CREIGHTON PEET.

▶▶ The Theatre ◀◀

THERE having been not even an *Ebb Tide* or an *Unexpected Husband* to mar the beauty and serenity of these last few spring evenings for long-suffering dramatic critics, I am faced with the necessity of taking stock of the past season and looking over the prospects for the coming one.

The question that has been asked of me the most has been as to what effect the depression has had on the theatre. Well, at the risk of being rather like the parent who says, "This is going to hurt me more than it will you," I venture the opinion that in the long run it will be found to have been a healthy one. In the first place, during the days of easy money far too many theatres were built in New York and they had to be filled with the corresponding amount of terrible plays. These shows, in turn, were produced by a lot of inexperienced or dishonest (or both) shoestring operators who raised their money from people who knew even less about the theatre than they themselves did. There were many more than the normal number of expensive exhibitionistic blondes whose providers had to get them on the stage.

At the same time three main causes contributed to the death of "the road." For a while the talking movies, on account of their novelty and their cheapness (in both senses of the word) were an invincible rival for all except the very best touring companies. Secondly, the inflated salaries paid to actors in New York, with the possibility of their getting even more at any moment from the talkies, spoiled a great many of them and made them unwilling to go on tour. In the third place, the exorbitant rates charged by the railroads for transportation and by the labor unions for any work connected with the theatre made sending out a company far from an attractive gamble.

Doing away with the road, in turn, in spite of the overbuilding of theatres in New York, reduced considerably the number of actors employed all over the country. It had another effect, too; young players had a much smaller opportunity to learn their business.

This seems to have little to do with the depression, but I'm getting around to that. The immediate effect of the shortage of ready money was to make it more difficult to put on a play. That meant that fewer bad ones appeared. It led as well eventually to a forced study of all conditions relative to the theatre. The season just closed, depression or no depression, had more money-making plays than any in several years.

It may be a little premature, but it looks at the moment as though an intelligent effort were going to be made to restore the road next season. That I regard as the healthiest development possible. What makes me think it *is* possible is that there is a definite plan under consideration by managers, actors, press agents and the labor unions whereby they are to coöperate and organize both in cutting expenses and in working in harmony together. Even some of the railroads have shown some inclination to reduce their rates to touring companies. None of this would ever have occurred without the depression; it has been only the necessity for a little more farsighted thinking that has made it possible.

Now, we're not going to see any great improvement in acting or producing in the next year or two from the restoration of the road, but eventually it cannot fail to have its effect. The country is getting more and more hungry for good plays, a demand usually satisfied.

As to New York itself, it will continue to be the theatrical capital of the United States, but if the road comes back a new generation of real troupers will arise who know their jobs and that will certainly make mine pleasanter. In fact, the only really terrifying development that seems to be on the horizon is that the Theatre Guild keeps on insisting that it is going to produce this thing of Eugene O'Neill's that takes three nights to play. Didn't they learn anything at all from *Dynamo?* By the way, I only recently heard that the generally prolix Germans played *Strange Interlude* in normal time by the simple expedient of leaving out the famous asides. It seems they had the theory that everything contained in the asides could be put over by competent acting without speaking the lines!

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Current Shows

As Husbands Go: Pleasant little comedy of foolish women in Paris and Iowa.
Grand Hotel: They're beginning to make cast changes but Mme. Leontovitch and Hortense Alden are still in it.
Once in a Lifetime: The private life of the movies.
Precedent: Vivid and moving presentation of Tom Mooney's case.
Private Lives: Noel Coward's hit, now with Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy.
The Band Wagon: Much the best musical in town.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: The fascinating Katharine Cornell as Elizabeth Barrett.
The Green Pastures: Not stopping after all.
Third Little Show: If you like Beatrice Lillie. Not much otherwise.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Glenn Anders has replaced Herbert Marshall, which is a tough job but he should be up to it.

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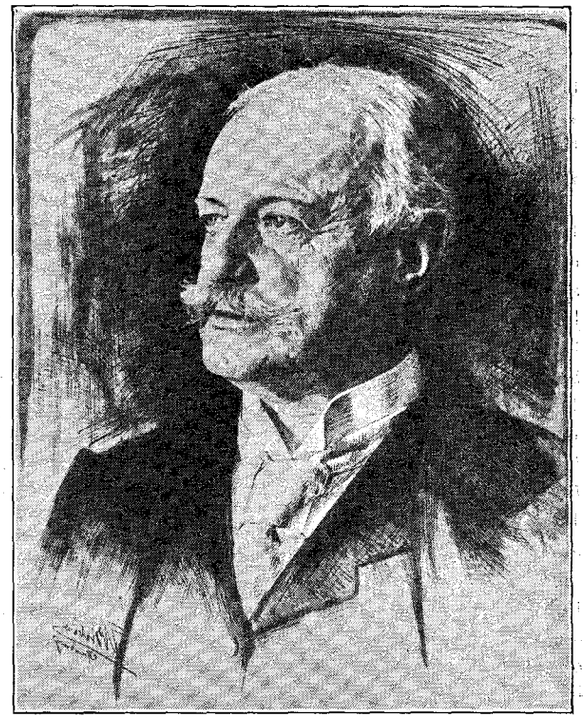
The New Books

The Bülow Memoirs

"MEMOIRS of Prince von Bülow," Vol. 1 (Little, Brown, $5). While the first volume only of this vast work is now available in the English translation, the entire five volumes have appeared in Germany. Instantly, the German press reacted violently to the Chancellor's admission that Germany was not guiltless for the war. One German journal is quoted as saying: "Now they have only to flaunt this work in our faces when we ask for the elision of the war-guilt paragraph from the Versailles Treaty." The passage most attacked says: "On July 25, 1914, it was still possible for us to avoid war. It would have been sufficient to declare at Vienna that we would in no case authorize the rupture of relations between Austria and Serbia." Von Bülow adds that disputed points should have been submitted to The Hague Tribunal. Over and over again he denounces the incompetence and folly of Bethmann-Hollweg, Jagow and Von Moltke. The first, he says, by clumsy treatment of Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, made "the most dreadful mistake in all the history of Prussia and Germany and one of the worst in the history of the world." He laments that at the war crisis the three most important posts, those of Chancellor, Chief of Staff and Head of the Private Office, were all held by men unequal to the situation. And he deplores the short-sightedness, clumsiness and thoughtlessness of Bethmann and Jagow in letting Germany "slide into the war." Jagow he characterizes as being "as small in body as he was in mind" a specimen of the personalities to which the usually urbane and suave author descends at times. As the first volume does not reach the war crisis, it may be asked what "bombs" may be found when that period *is* treated! Von Bülow died in 1929.



Courtesy N. Y. Times

CHANCELLOR VON BÜLOW

The personal relations between the Kaiser and Bülow are set forth in a highly entertaining and on the whole not unkindly spirit. One fancies the Kaiser reading it in Holland and sputtering a great deal, but there is evident truth in the picture. On the whole what the London *Times* calls the bland optimism of Bülow had a calming influence on the Kaiser's neurasthenic temperament—the *Times* shrewdly suggests that in all matters Bülow was like a doctor with a superb bedside manner and no gift for diagnosis, and that was why his diplomacy never attained large permanent results. With the Kaiser the Chancellor must have felt like a tutor with an irrepressible pupil of dangerous tendencies. The Kaiser's flight to Holland is pronounced infinitely worse than death. That the Kaiser's friends often questioned his sanity is admitted. Bülow himself says that he often feared for his mental balance. Asked by Prince Hohenlohe whether the Kaiser was sane, Bülow in effect said that he was impulsive, lacking in foresight, often tactless, spoiled, not too careful of the truth, boastful, "but mentally unsound he certainly was not"—not exactly a compliment! It illustrates Bülow's propensity to praise and stab at the same time, as when he praises the Kaiser in order to lead up to dispraise of Francis Joseph and then praises Francis Joseph in order to contrast him with his successor, Charles, who, Bülow says, went over to the enemy "feloniously, cravenly and treacherously."

Von Bülow's great work has been described as unequaled in German literature of its kind both in brilliancy of style and skill in portraiture. It will certainly excite both comment and contradiction. One outcome of its appearance was a protest from the Earl of Lonsdale (and presumably a threat of legal action) because of certain references to Lord Lonsdale. This led, not to deleting the statements objected to, but to retaining them in the volume, each prefaced by a note stating that the references were untrue and without foundation. The difficulty of dealing with this matter is obvious; the result is certainly an odd publishing incident.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

Father, by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran. The daughter of a novelist escapes for adventures of her own. Gay and charming. Reviewed June 10.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Ships of Youth, by Maud Diver: Houghton Mifflin. A story of Anglo-Indian life in which characters whom Miss Diver has previously introduced attempt to "live happily ever after." Reviewed June 24.

The Road Back, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A poetic and moving picture of the individual and collective tragedies of the returned soldier. Reviewed May 13.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Pulitzer prize novel. Reviewed July 2, 1930.

Non-Fiction

The American Black Chamber, by Herbert O. Yardley: Bobbs Merrill. Memoirs colored with sensational disclosures of the Cryptographic Bureau established by the author during the War. Reviewed in this issue.

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

Death and Taxes, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Reviewed June 24.

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

Red Bread, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith. Another excellent book on contemporary Russia by the author of **Humanity Uprooted.** Reviewed May 13.

Romance, Reminiscence and Fairy Tale

"THE Garden," by L. A. G. Strong (Knopf, $2.50), *The Sixth Journey,* by Alice Grant Rosman (Minton Balch, $2), *Dwarf's Blood,* by Edith Olivier (Viking Press, $2.50). Each of these novels is, in its own way, perfect. Mrs. Rosman's *The Sixth Journey* will command an immediate audience of readers, mostly feminine, who want light and pleasant romances with the proper mixture of naturalness, pathos and sweet-tempered humor, and who demand that they be not only competently but deftly written. It is a variant of the little-waif-who-finds-a-home-at-last theme played against an accompaniment of middle-aged love. I speak of it as perfect in its way because I know of no other writer of unpretentious, frankly popular novels who writes with as much sympathy, common sense, grace and good taste as Mrs. Rosman, or whose style is as finished. To write for an uncritical public and still to write so carefully that the critical can applaud is an

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accomplishment worthy of praise. It is the result, I think, of, on the one hand, a belief that character is often quite simple and things are often just what they seem, and, on the other, great respect for the art of writing.

Edith Olivier's *Dwarf's Blood* is a fairy story, and has two of the basic qualities of all fairy stories. It points a moral—or, if you prefer, it is an allegorical presentation of an eternal truth; and it can be read over and over again without any lessening of interest. It has other fairy tale qualities. It is poetic and fanciful; it couldn't have happened; and the happy ending leaves loose ends. The story has to do with a British peer whose mother was a dwarf, and his beautiful wife, and their son, who was a dwarf, too; and with how the man, in spite of his great stature and grace, carried within him the curse of dwarf's blood to the embittering of his life and his wife's; and of how, after years, the dwarf son, himself, exorcised his father's demon. It does not tell how the son, scarcely four feet high and a genius, faced his own life after he realized just what it was to be. The fairy story does not tell us what the good dwarfs do after they have seen their Snow-White safe with her prince, at last. *Dwarf's Blood* is a delicious story, vivid, witty and tender. It is no more like De la Mare's *Memoirs of a Midget,* to which the jacket description suggests that it be compared, than A is like B. One novel is an intense and eerie tragedy, with an inhuman and frightening beauty about it; the other is a fairy comedy, bittersweet, gossamer-light. *Dwarf's Blood* is being sent out to its subscribers by the Literary Guild. While it has not the sharp wit of *The Triumphant Footman,* it is, I think, the best book that Edith Olivier has written, so far. If you do not know her exquisite work we beg you to meet it at once.

The Garden is a chronicle of Yesterday; so it is funny and sad, and every one is dead when the last page turns. It is the record of visits made by a small boy, thirty years ago, to a Dublin seacoast where his grandparents live. It is rich in lively episodes, described with spirit, but its chief charm lies in its dialogue and characters. There is a long list of fine types, presented with sympathy and humor, grandparents, gardeners, uncles, cooks and a monkey, all of which would have caught the eye of an Irish Dickens. But he would have put them through the intricacies of a melodramatic plot, whereas Mr. Strong just sets them down and lets them be. You can cry over this book (I should not like to know any one who could not cry over Paddy-monkey's end), but you can also laugh, and not silently, either. It would be a grand book to read aloud. Mr. Strong's style is lyric. In his previous books I have found it a little soft, but here it is crisp as a fresh cookie. He has sharpened his outlines, packed his foundation firm before laying on his surface, and (what every one who writes novels of reminiscence tries to do but few succeed in doing) got the gusto of life into his book.

Each of these novelists has done what he set out to do. When all novelists can do that, whether they be leaders of new schools, Nobel prize winners, or contributors to *The Ladies' Home Journal,* we shall have better novels, and not nearly so many.

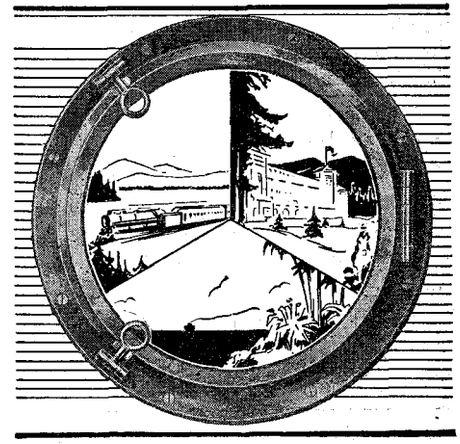
FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

THE question has often been asked: Who won the World War? Captain Herbert O. Yardley answers it in his captivating volume entitled *The American Black Chamber* (Bobbs-Merrill $3.50): It was won by that branch of the Military Intelligence Service which Mr. Yardley organized and whose business it was to break the codes of foreign powers. It is admittedly a story of uncommon fascination, and since our government does not bestow the D. S. M. on its servants without studied reason there is no cause to feel that Mr. Yardley has spun his yarn with excess zeal. It might as well be said, however, that there is in the book a tinge of the disgruntled employee; for when Secretary Stimson decided, only the other day, that the messages of foreign countries should be held inviolate, and that the State Department would no longer support the Black Chamber, there was nothing for Mr. Yardley to do but call in his assistants, inform them that unemployment was due a few more recruits, lock the door of his hidden lair in New York City, go to Washington, hand in his final report—and then write this book.

It is an astounding series of incidents he relates, incidents that took place during the sixteen years when he moved up from an humble telegraph operator to the chief of what he is willing to call the most efficient secret service bureau this country ever knew and, now that Secretary Stimson has killed cryptography, ever will know. If what he says is true, Mr. Stimson dismissed probably the most valuable man in the government's employ; for he tells us that when Pershing cabled home about some "surprise" attack that this was simply words to keep the home fires burning; for due to our sixteenth-century method of send-

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



MOUNT RAINIER, WASHINGTON

National Park

The second highest mountain of the United States, Mount Rainier raises its snow-crowned head from the midst of its five glaciers, like the glittering center of a frosty star. ¶ Only one of these five glacier rays is a National Park at present . . . Paradise Valley . . . but eventually a motor road now under construction will connect all five, and the park will be greatly expanded. ¶ Below the snow line in Paradise Valley are found flowers in the greatest profusion and variety, great mountain meadows of them spread out so thick as to be truly a carpet for those on their way to and from snow sports on the glacier. ¶ Reached by bus from either Seattle or Tacoma Mount Rainier is a splendidly accessible park for Western sightseers. ¶ For literature on this or any National Park, or for holiday suggestions of any kind, write Mrs. Kirkland, *Director.*

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The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 280 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

ing encoded matter the Germans always knew precisely where the American troops were and where they were planning to go. He claims too that he has a plan by which we could in the future have a system that no expert cryptographist could ever decode.

The book is a combination of crossword-puzzle reading, immensely exciting stories, and personalities. Captain Yardley cannot speak in too high terms of Van Deman and Marlborough Churchill, the men who engaged him, while Lansing, he contends, would have been able to change the course of world events had he not been "tied to a tyrant schoolmaster" at home and represented in London by an "Anglophile." It is such remarks as these that make one a bit dubious about the book, but as a matter of downright information it must take the very highest rank in the now-it-can-be-told series.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

"THE RED FOG LIFTS," by Albert Muldavin (Appleton, $2.). After fourteen years of rhetorical, emotional, statistical, political, sociological and other serious books on Russia, here is an informal, human and humorous book which does more to lift the veil from the granite face of Bolshevism than even Maurice Hindus. The author went to Russia in 1929, before the Wall Street crash, to sign a contract with the Russian government for a big deal. He is not anything but a quick-witted business man, humanly sceptical of Communism and alive to the human factors involved in all business transactions. He does not pretend to give "the truth about Russia"; instead he tells "the truth about myself in Russia"—a superhuman act of restraint.

And he discovers that people, even members of the Communist Party, remain people, even under Stalin; that women like to dance and flirt; that men like to grumble and look out for No. 1; and that Russia is not so much a "menace" as it is a "warning" to the rest of the world to write social justice into the overhead of capitalistic society. His conclusion is that "I am not as enthusiastic about conditions as I found them in Russia as much as I am depressed by what is going on in the rest of the world, especially in America."

This book is, to all intents and purposes, a rewritten diary, a sketch-book, describing what the author did and said and thought in the course of a brief stay at Moscow and a long trip through White Russia and the Ukraine. Of Russian origin and with a smattering of Russian speech, Mr. Moldavin saw little evidence of the "Potemkin villages" which Russian emigrés assert are used to deceive the unwary foreigner as to the true character of Soviet Russia. He thinks the Five-Year Plan is working pretty well and will make Russia an efficient competitor. Of considerable interest is his impression of the Wall Street panic, in which he lost heavily, as seen from Moscow, and the striking reverse it brought about in the relations of the company which he represented with the Soviet government. Where before the panic his company had been skeptical of Russia's ability to fulfill a contract, after the panic it was so skeptical of its own ability that Mr. Muldavin's mission was regarded as a great success because he did not get the contract.

It is, however, the human side of Soviet Russia that comes out most strongly in this book and is most worth seeing. Out of many incidents, there is space to quote but one, which is in many ways the best Soviet story that has yet appeared. A school-teacher is instructing a class of children in arithmetic:

She . . . . put a problem before the class. "If a man bought a hundred pounds of coffee for one hundred rubles and sold it for two hundred rubles, what would he get out of it?" The children must have been trained in such examples and answered in chorus: "He would get three months in jail." "Unless," added the teacher, "he was a foreigner and had a concession."

JOHN CARTER.

Behind the Blurbs

A NUMBER of art books are to be brought out jointly by the Museum of Modern Art and W. W. Norton. In September will come a book on Modern German Painting and Sculpture, with 50 full-page plates. The second offering will be a book on Picasso. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Columnist Murder*[1] is a fair to middling tale in which Tommy Twitchell, gossiping columnist of the *Blade,* is slain in a telephone booth in a theatre. Well-known Broadway names and characters are used and slightly distorted, Belasco becoming Tabasco and Winchell, Twitchell. Detectives, gangsters, dancers and journalists dash about through night clubs and penthouses, taking pot shots at each other and otherwise acting very sophisticated, but the fireman was right, and the clue to the murder is in Twitchell's last column. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Legendary France,*[2] a companion vol. to *Legendary Germany,* reviewed last year, is an informal guidebook that sketches pleasantly the remote past of various French provinces, particularly Provence and the Basque country. A good book to use in combination with Baedecker. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Mariners of Brittany*[3] is a book of the Breton fishing villages, illustrated, as was his former book on the Scotch fishing villages, with many charming pen drawings by the author. It can have been no simple task to gather all this material on Breton customs and superstitions, life at sea and on shore, for the Bretons are suspicious of strangers and slow to give their confidence. This is not a book to read from cover to cover, but if you dip into it once you will return to it. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Selected Works of Sabatini*[4] include in a book of more than 900 pages *Captain Blood, Scaramouche* and *The Banner of the Bull.* ☙ ☙ ☙ How our early New England ancestors lived, the things they made and used, their arts and crafts, are discussed with much entertaining detail in *When Antiques Were Young.*[5] The author has spent many years gathering material, and in this book you will find much curious lore, and many quaint anecdotes of the past. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Gold, Men and Dogs*[6] is the autobiography of Scotty Allan, who went to the Klondike in '97, and became the most famous musher of dogs in the world, three times winning the Alaska sweepstakes. The book is packed full of adventure and incident, exciting and entertaining, and there is a chapter on training dogs that dog owners will profit by.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By Lawrence Saunders: Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.
2. By Regina Jais: Dial, $2.50.
3. By Peter F. Anson: Dutton, $3.75.
4. Houghton Mifflin, $2.50.
5. By Marion Nicholl Rawson: Dutton, $5.00.
6. Putnam, $3.50.

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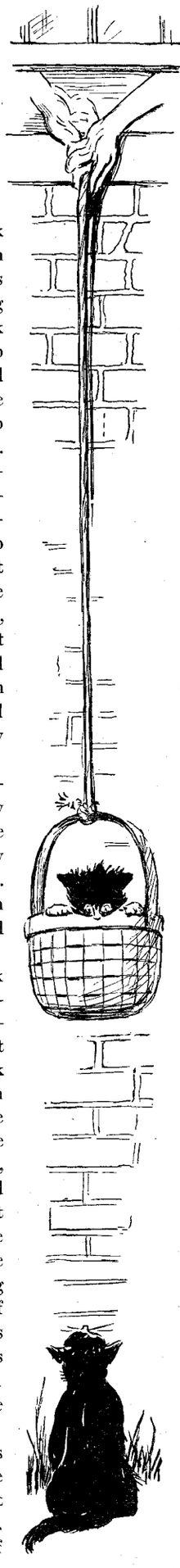
▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

WE HAVE in our home what we believe is the only cat elevator in the city, run and operated solely for the convenience of cats. The window of our apartment being some fifteen feet above the level of the back yard, our cat, Bitte Schön, was forced for the first week of his stay with us to remain indoors. He spent most of his time on the window sill, gazing longingly down into the back yard where there was grass to roll in, flowers to stamp on and bugs of various kinds whose habits it was impossible to study from so great a distance. We were sympathetic but helpless, and Bitte Schön was confined to the house until it occurred to our brighter half to tie a cord to a bushel basket and lower him to the yard. He rode down without protest, pursued for a time with great absorption his botanical and entomological studies, then curled up in the basket and went to sleep, when it was easy for him to be drawn up again.

The basket has become an institution. Several times a day he climbs into it, and sits there patiently crying until somebody notices him and lets him down. When he becomes bored with Nature, he gets in again and howls to be pulled up.

He has a friend in the back yard, a somewhat older cat belonging to the people downstairs. For a time this cat watched the elevator at work with an air of boredom which masked, we were sure, intense interest. At last one day he took his courage in both paws, jumped into the basket and was himself pulled up and let down several times. Indeed, he liked the trip so well that we had some difficulty in getting him out. The novelty wore off after a while, but he still comes up occasionally, though it is evidently just for the ride and not to pay a social call, as he goes right down again.

Once or twice the two cats rode up together, but Bitte Schön behaved so badly that we had to put a stop to that. He is the kind of cat who if you took him out rowing would think it great fun to rock the boat, and he nearly upset the elevator in midair.



☆☆☆☆☆☆

We have had several inquiries regarding H. Meadowcroft. The reason we have been unable to print any of his recent communications is that as a result of our write-up of his raid on an uptown speakeasy, he got a job doing undercover work for the prohibition forces. He writes us very freely, but "I'd rather," he says, "that you didn't print any account of my work in your column. When we've got the town dried up, as we hope to do by fall, it'll be time enough to publish my letters. Maybe you could sort of throw them together into a connected story and sell them to the OUTLOOK as *The Memoirs of a Prohibition Agent,* or something like that. Boy, it's a great life, though! Did you ever have any Bristol Milk? I've got a couple bottles set aside for you. And I'm on the track of some Chateau Margaux, 1899. A shipment came in the other day and as soon as I locate it the boys will put on a raid, and I'll send you a few bottles. This prohibition is a great thing, all right. I didn't realize it until I got to working for it. Depression means nothing to us. Good salaries, plenty to drink, and clear consciences because we're doing our duty. There are just three things this country needs: more respect for law, an end to the depression, and the prohibition question settled. And I've figured out a way it can be done. The Meadowcroft One-Year Plan, I call it, and I'm going to send it to Mr. Hoover, as soon as I have time to write it out. Roughly, it amounts to this: Appoint every citizen a prohibition agent. You see how it works? Suppose you're appointed. You get a good salary; you have respect for the law because you're enforcing it; and you won't be putting money in the bootlegger's pocket because you'll be drinking the liquor you confiscate. You'll say this is too much like the dole in England, which hasn't worked out well. But it's not like the dole, for the dole takes away a man's self-respect. This is a salary, for which the citizen has to work. Pleasant work, too. Some people, I suppose, will object that it will take a good deal of money for all those salaries. But I haven't a doubt that lots of people would be willing to pay for the job, once they realize its advantages. There's no reason why it should cost the government a cent."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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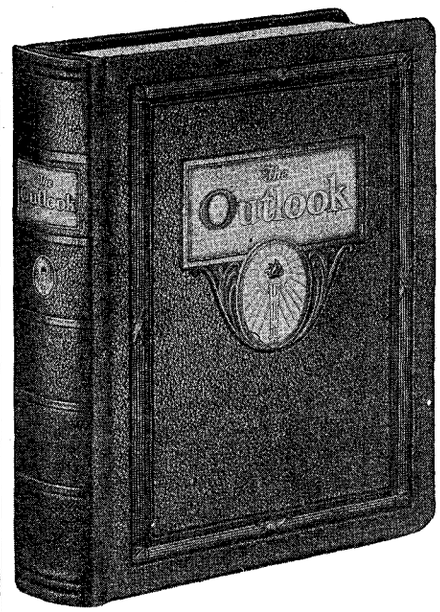

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Music

Notable New Recordings

Good organ recordings are all too rare, due principally to trouble caused by echoes in the buildings where fine organs are installed. It is therefore pleasant to call to your attention the *Toccata* and *Fugue in D Minor* of J. S. Bach as played by Alfred Sittard on the organ of St. Michael's Church, Hamburg.[1] The tone is excellent in every way and the organist himself is evidently most talented.

While on the subject of Bach, Brunswick has also brought out a fine *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G Major,* played by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the redoubtable Wilhelm Furtwängler.[2] This is classic music played with respect and restraint but nevertheless with a good deal of spirit, too. For pieces of this sort it would be difficult to find a finer orchestra than the Berlin Philharmonic. The *Concerto* takes up three sides and the fourth is strangely enough filled up with Schubert's *Rosamunde, Entr'acte No. 2,* played by the same artists but furnishing a sharp enough contrast to the Bach, with Schubert's lush melodies.

However, it seems to me that summer is the time for dancing on verandas or on the decks of boats—all in the moonlight. And if you're going abroad there is no little present that your friends on the other side would be more apt to like than some late American dance records. In *Walkin' My Baby Back Home* and *I Surrender, Dear,* Louis Armstrong has done it again[3]—taken a couple of tunes the radio has killed and brought them very much back to life. Maestro Louis has something of a competitor, though, in Thomas "Fats" Waller and His Hot Piano doing *I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby* and *Draggin' My Heart Around.*[4] Another good colored record is the *Creole Rhapsody*[5] which the Jungle Band, otherwise known as Duke Ellington and His Orchestra, render with a great deal of spirit and fervor.

Going South American momentarily, if you like tangos *La Cumparsita* and *Farolito de mi Barrio*[6] are far superior to the general run. As a rule the only thing less imaginative than jazz arrangements are ordinary tangos. In these two, however, Carlos Molina's Tango Orchestra have some very interesting orchestral ideas but maintain the proper tango rhythm throughout.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick, 90146.
2. Brunswick, 90161/2.
3. Okeh, 41497.
4. Columbia, 14593-D.
5. Brunswick, 6093.
6. Brunswick, 6091.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

Some time ago we told you about a porcelain enamel shelf and drawer lining paper that comes in white, peach, orchid, green, pink, yellow and blue, and can be cleaned by simply wiping it off with a damp cloth. We are now informed that thumb tacks in these colors are available. Indeed, we have seen them, and they match the paper exactly. Said paper, by the way, comes in 14 and 22 inch widths, and in rolls 75 feet long.

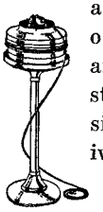
Pom Tongs are just plain tongs in stainless steel, 6, 9 and 12 inches long, which will make themselves useful in the kitchen and will preserve the finger from the scorching touch of the hot potato and keep the pork chop from falling on the floor when you lift it from frying pan to plate.

If you like your eggs fried square, there's a square iron skillet with four compartments with which you can fry 'em that way. Or you can have square pancakes, fritters and such, if you care to. They'll taste just the same as the round kind, of course.

Another kitchen item is the glass cheese preserver, 7 inches in diameter, 5½ inches high. Put a little salt and vinegar in the bottom, then put the cheese on the little shelf and it will keep fresh and toothsome.

A candlestick that really holds the candles, no matter how long they are, is now on the market. It grips them tight so that they can't fall over unexpectedly and wreck the family's best tablecloth.

We have seen a small room cooler that draws in the hot, dusty and smoky air, passes it through a spray of water, and returns it, cooled and washed, to the room. It stands 40 inches high and holds six quarts of water. Comes in ivory, mahogany, walnut or dark green, is light enough to be carried around from room to room. It is possible to use it without the pedestal and the fan is a noiseless one.



If you want to go to Samarkand and visit the cities of old Turkestan, we might mention that Intourist, the state tourist agency of the U.S.S.R., is offering this summer a 40-day tour in a de luxe rail caravan across the Volga, the Urals, to Taskent, Bokhara and other cities, then by boat across the Caspian to Baku, whence across the Caucasus and the Ukraine by way to Kiev to Sheptovka on the Polish border, where the tour ends.

A beach rug in gay colors which has a hole in the middle through which you can stab your beach parasol down into the sand is on sale at Altman's. It is padded, and the covering is waterproof.

Hedge trimming is one of the dullest occupations we know of, and the satisfaction of seeing the sharp shadows cast by the freshly trimmed hedge seldom makes up for the blisters and backache that result from an hour or two with the clippers. But you can get an electric trimmer now, which weighs only six pounds, and can easily be held in one hand. It works rather like an electric hair clipper, as well as we can judge by its appearance, and can be operated from any electric light socket. Much easier, too, they say, to cut evenly with it.

May we repeat, as we do at intervals, that we're always glad to send you further information about the things mentioned in this column? Just send us a post card. Sometimes in the past we have been rather slow about replying to inquiries, but now we clean our desk up once a month instead of annually, so that there is much less likelihood of your inquiry getting buried under empty cigarette cartons, bills, old shoes and all the other things that have a mysterious way of accumulating on a writer's desk.

An inexpensive two-quart portable vacuum ice cream freezer is advertised as making "two quarts of delicious ice cream in one hour, without turning or cranking." Now we don't really suppose that the manufacturer means that it will make two quarts of delicious ice cream in one hour, etc., if you just toss in sugar and water and a couple of eggs and a bottle of beer and a finely sliced onion. We think his enthusiasm ran away with him when he put in that "delicious." Probably you could make two quarts of pretty rotten ice cream in one hour if you tried. It really depends a lot on the ingredients. But it will do it in an hour, and we think it is therefore a pretty good machine to take on a picnic. Or even to use as a portable refrigerator.

W. R. Brooks.

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From the Life

The River

NEAR his home ran the river.

The houses along the street pushed and leaned against one another. All day they never moved, but sat and stared down at the narrow sidewalk, and at the slanting, black street where loud cars rushed up and down, shrieking at one another. If a little boy of four were to step from the curb into that street they would never even see him. He knew of course that they would run over him.

But if he were to wait very carefully at the corner until the light turned green and then were to run with all his might, he could reach the other side in safety. He could trot along a little way and then stop still and lift his eyes and look.

Wide and blue and shining, there would run the river!

The only noise it made was a noise like singing, if you could hear it right. The boats that traveled over it swam like fish or flew like birds. And if you jumped into it, it rocked you like a chair or floated you like a hammock. He had never jumped into it, but he had seen big boys and grown men plunging and shouting there with looks of tremendous joy. Some day—he embraced the thought fearfully—he might even jump into the river himself and let it carry him to all sorts of beautiful places! For it was always moving; further and further—and though he followed it with his looks until his throat hurt him and there was a buzzing in his ears, he never could imagine where it was going.

Just as though his thoughts were pictures, his mother looked at them when he went to bed at night.

"What you doing down at the pier?" she wanted to know. "You think it's pretty down there?"

So he nodded solemnly. "Where's it go to?"

She shuddered and looked absent-minded. "Out to the ocean, I s'pose."

"What's the ocean?" he asked.

"It's terrible big," she said fiercely and tucked the covers tight.

A long time later, maybe a whole week, she said to him again, "What you always running to the river for?" And suddenly she sat down and rolled her apron up and took him on her lap and rocked and rocked. Then she began to talk. He had never heard her talk like that before. It was like the movies; exciting and terrible. Once in a while he asked a question, but it came out broken up and like a whisper. When it was over he stayed inside, standing at the window, seeing the story she had told him.

But after a day or so he had to see it again. He dreamed at night about the river. Scared and uncertain, he stumbled to it finally and looked at it with his new knowledge.

It was vast and terrifying now. The sound it made was like a threat—any moment that sound might turn into a growl, might rear and swallow him.

Presently he was five, and big enough to be afraid of nothing. He marched out on the pier and stuck his hands in his pockets and looked at the river. But not far off, where it ran and rippled and shone; he always looked at one spot, dark and quiet, near the pier.

One day a big man, kind and quiet looking, was standing close beside him on the pier and like himself was staring at the water.

The boy drew a deep breath and spoke up in a clear voice. "A little boy was drown-ded there," he said.

"What?"

The little boy nodded. "He felled in," he said, "and the other boys runned off."

"What?" shouted the big man in a louder voice.

The little boy gulped fearfully and pointed and whispered. "The bubbles came up right there," he said. "Coz he was tryin' to breathe."

"My God!" said the big man in a hoarse voice. "What time was that?"

The small boy stared reminiscently. "A quarter past three," he said clearly.

The big man was holding his watch. "Half past three!" he shouted and galloped wildly toward shore.

Pretty soon more men came running. They carried ropes and iron hooks. Policemen rushed out wildly on the pier.

He watched for a long time while they dragged and searched the river. Would he see him at last? Would he find out what the river did to little boys?

But at four o'clock two men asked, "Where d'ye live, sonny?" and took him home. At home they asked some questions of his mother. "About the little boy that drowned," he heard. "And this one says he saw the bubbles rise—at a quarter past three—"

"Last year?" they echoed her incredulously. "Last year!" And both men looked down at him with terrible looks.

But what difference did last year make, he wondered, looking up into their faces. The little boy was drowned. His mother had told him so. At the bottom of his heavy heart he knew a little boy had been drowned; and would never come up again.

IBBY HALL.

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The Panic of the Parents

(Continued from Page 269)

generally impractical, he compromised on a whack over the knuckles or posterior, sharp and full of meaning, which would, by the association of pain with forbidden object, act as a disciplinary restraint.

Watson is by no means alone on this matter of inflicting physical pain. Smiley and Margaret Blanton of the School of Euthenics at Vassar are on his side, agreeing that "Physical pain should be given only for the purpose of establishing a conditioned reflex"—but that physical pain should be given. Garry Cleveland Meyers, a no less esteemed expert, goes even further and declares, "If you would love your baby now, and guarantee his happiness and yours, don't spare the spank . . . . Common sense and every day experience dictate that we can very easily teach a child of one or two, *just as we teach a pup,* to avoid certain objects and activities, if always and immediately the child experiences sufficient pain every time he is physically associated with the object of activity . . . ."

On the other side of the fence one finds Dr. Felix Adler, who founded the Ethical Culture Society, and Professor John Dewey. Mrs. Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg, director of the Child Study Association of America, expressed their point of view and her own judgment when she said, "I do not think that all is lost if a child is grasped forcibly to keep him from inflicting injury, or if a parent loses his temper and applies direct action. But the deliberate resort to corporal punishment for the purpose of correcting a fault should be entirely ruled out . . . . the more deliberate and cold-blooded infliction of pain is inexcusable, precisely because it implies a cool search for effective means toward an end and comes to nothing better than what an inexperienced child or untrained savage has at hand in the presence of annoyance or irritation. The more deliberate the punishment in such cases, the worse it is." There you are, ladies and gents, you pays your money and you takes your choice.

There are educational contemporaries of Mrs. Gruenberg who soberly recommend old-fashioned spankings, tying up a runaway child to bed post or table leg, fastening adhesive tape over an untruthful, biting or disrespectful mouth, and others who with equal force and logic prove that sweet reasonableness or deliberate indifference is the best means of meeting a situation which calls for discipline.

We have all tried out sweet reasonableness as part of the new freedom. We have discharged the maids who sought to inhibit the children, have pretended that it didn't matter when a Tiffany vase was smashed, have put on a mask of calm indifference when the piano bench became an early American reproduction, worm holes and all. We called these learning experiences, learning both for the child and ourselves, and now in our riper, expensive wisdom, we can afford to be charitable toward the poor dear who wept when she told about her child.

"Joan Barbara spits," she complained. "She spits at every one. Last night we had company, and Joan Barbara went around and spat in every one's face. I was too humiliated. I didn't know what to do. I was so afraid to spank her for fear I should create another problem."

The best thing she could have done at this stage was to provide masks for her friends. She, Joan Barbara and the company were equally victims of the new child study. It has been a humiliating experience for moderns who have been told to treat their children as companions and equals to find that the plane of equality upon which the children prefer to meet their parents is that of the rowdy and the street-corner vulgarian. A generation ago, a good parent tried to instill into a child a sense of self-discipline and self-control, which make for the free and perfect man, but today, berated and patronized by the experts, dazzled and bewildered, she doesn't teach him anything because she doesn't know what to teach.

There is no doubt that, accepting the burden of their own inadequacy, modern parents have striven to improve the situation. The colleges have been full of fathers and mothers these last ten years, and the child psychology courses are very popular. Course-taking is indeed one of our national pastimes. It helps to fill part of our too abundant leisure. "There are at least five times as many adults, men and women," Dean Frederick P. Keppel of Columbia said recently, "pursuing some form of educational study as are registered for degrees in all the colleges and universities of this country."

One hears so often that it has become a joke that wail of harassed mothers: "I'd break your neck if I hadn't gone to Child Study." So many people are going to Child Study these days that this has become big business. The Child Study Association of America, which now occupies two floors of a New York office building, has grown in ten years from twenty-five active study groups to one hundred and thirty-eight, and through the speakers whom it supplies and through its publications it reaches many thousands of mothers, teachers, aunts and grandmothers. Then, there's the American Association of University Women which, in 1929, had five hundred child study groups, and the National Parent-Teacher Association, which is the most far-reaching in its contacts, because it functions through the public schools. The National Congress of Parents and Teachers has become a huge commercial as well as educational enterprise.

To hundreds of thousands of women, the child study circle is a substitute for the Browning Club, the Delphine Literary Society, or the Ladies Sewing Auxiliary of an earlier day. It is a satisfactory substitution, for it gives them a chance to glut themselves with public discussion of their offspring. Some parents do seek the advice of experts on problems affecting their children, after they have honestly tried and found themselves unable to cope with them, but a great number of parents go to child psychologists because they have become all muddled up by the variegated nonsense they have been filled with, and to child study meetings because church or club holds little of interest for them at the moment. It's a place to spend an idle afternoon or evening.

Recently a speaker at a national Child Study Conference—Dr. George Stoddard of the Iowa Child Research Station—urged that parent education should not be considered as a reform. It was the first kind word they've said for us in a decade. Indeed, a feeble chirp of doubt that the new child study isn't all it claims to be is just beginning to be heard in isolated but important cor-

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of June 27, 1951

Professor Ressiprock, heading a delegation from the Friends of America Society, will sail next Tuesday from France by the air liner "Lafayette," and bring with him a check for $1,940,000, subscribed by the citizens of France for the restoration of the Brooklyn Bridge.

An editorial in the July, 1951, Refrigeration Magazine declared that without the invention of the Patoff Saltwater Freezing formula it would have been impossible to hold the 1950 Olympic Winter Sports in Venice.

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ners. Mrs. John B. Watson, willy-nilly, has joined the heretics. In a magazine article a few months ago she revealed the secrets of the great Behaviorist's household, chief among them that her older son bites his nails and that "punishment and reward, pasting adhesive over his fingers, sending him to bed with gloves on, trying to make him 'socially conscious' about his hands, have all failed." There's a world of comfort to us lesser strugglers in that admission, and we like the way the lady sighed and said she wished she'd been allowed to cuddle her children more and to feel that they were part and parcel of their home. Then, too, there is Mr. Ralph P. Bridgman, director of the Parents Council of Philadelphia, who, writing in the September, 1930, issue of the annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, said:

> Contrary to the assumption of several enthusiastic parent educators, no answer that will bear scrutiny has yet been given to the inescapable questions: What is parent education accomplishing? What differences in the actual handling of children are being made by the education of the parents? What differences are being produced in the daily functioning, the adjustments and happiness of parents? This is the movement's central problem. A definite relationship between the education of parents in child study groups and their functioning in relations with their children still remains to be proven.

I, for one, am all for taking parents out of the child study groups and back into the home, for urging them to forget that there is such a thing as a problem child, for regarding an infant as a unit in a family, and not as a little tin god, for pleading with them to turn their backs on the experts and to try living with their children, simply and sincerely, for a change. It is hard to believe that there are today no women as capable and as sensible as their grandmothers, or that the rearing of normal children has become an appallingly difficult task. It is true that some of the factors surrounding family life have changed. People dwell in apartments more than in private homes and the child who lives in an apartment may feel a sense of instability; families are smaller, there are more divorces and broken homes; mothers go out to work; the volume of social stimulation is greatly increased. But the instinct that makes for conscientious parenthood is as old as the race and as enduring. It is an instinct of self-preservation, immutable before concrete and steel, printing press and skyscraper, radio or jazz band.

Educators and professional child trainers have been much too glib in their indictment of the home; too pat in their assumption that it has failed. It must not be forgotten for a moment that these are persons with axes to grind, status and job to maintain, whose prestige depends upon the helplessness of parents. They have encouraged us to make the mistake of thinking about, analyzing, worrying about our children too much, living with them too little. It wouldn't surprise me if modern kids were lonely in the same proportion as their parents are befuddled. There isn't any doubt that the old relationship of parent and child, cluttered up with sentimentality and spankings, all wrong in theory, was more satisfactory all around than the modern relationship of parent and problem.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 276)

ball game shows to what a lowly estate intercollegiate baseball has fallen in the matter of graduate and public interest. Barely five thousand watched the Cambridge encore.

Back in the black-walnut eighties, college baseball held the center of the stage. Harvard and Yale grads talked of "the nine" rather than "the eleven" when they gathered about the Parker House or Tontine bars, their feet poised on the congenial brass rail. Stars of the diamond loomed brighter in the public mind than gridiron warriors did. Alonzo Stagg was idolized for his pitching rather than for his end play on Pa Corbin's eleven. Small boys whispered the names of Dutch Carter and John Clarkson with the reverence they now reserve for Albie Booth and Ben Ticknor.

When Stagg and Dann formed Yale's "reversible battery," the Harvard-Yale baseball match was something more than a convenient spot for old grads to sleep off that reunion hangover. The young sophisticates of today at Cambridge and New Haven sneer at baseball as a rowdy, sand-lot game appealing to the vulgar mob rather than to the epicure.

▶▶*Jones' Worst Shot*

After the lapse of eleven years, Inverness again plays host to a National Open Golf field. Harry Vardon's name is inexorably associated with this Toledo links. It was here, in 1920, that the greatest of Britain's triumvirs made his last real effort to win a major championship.

Vardon was leading with five holes to go when a thunderstorm, preceded by a squall, broke above his head. You could see the master of the faded iron shrivel up under the blast. He who had once played for more than a year without being off the fairway was repeatedly bunkered. Even his bulldog pipe, that soothing comforter in many a close battle, went out. Wind meant nothing to Harry in his prime, but this was a tired caricature of the Victorian Vardon.

Among the comparatively unknown novices to National Open play was a sturdy, well-set-up chap with tousled blond hair that draped itself in a cowlick across his brow. He had apple-red cheeks, a self-reliant manner, and a somewhat petulant disposition. When things broke badly he slung his clubs across the landscape and called himself all manner of harsh names. He had the smoothest, silkiest swing ever seen on the links. His name, you may have guessed, was Bobby Jones.

Bob was paired with Vardon in the first round of the 1920 Open. The English veteran did not speak a word to his youthful worshipper. This silence got on Jones's nerves. The impetuous southern boy wasn't used to British aloofness. He decided to break the spell and thought his chance had come when he flubbed a pitch to the sixth green. Bob had lifted his head like the veriest duffer.

"Mr. Vardon," said the mortified Atlantan, "did you ever see a worse shot?"

Vardon paused. He puffed at his pipe as though lost in reverie. He appeared to be mulling over all the foozled shots he had seen in thirty years of playing golf.

Then Vardon spoke. "No!" was his monosyllabic retort.

"That stumped me," laughed Jones later. "There was nothing left for me to say."

George Trevor.

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